JANUARY 1973 Saturday Review ONE DOLLAR

THE SOCIETY

The Making of a Militant by Ernest Dunbar

The Death of Harold: Letters From the Depression

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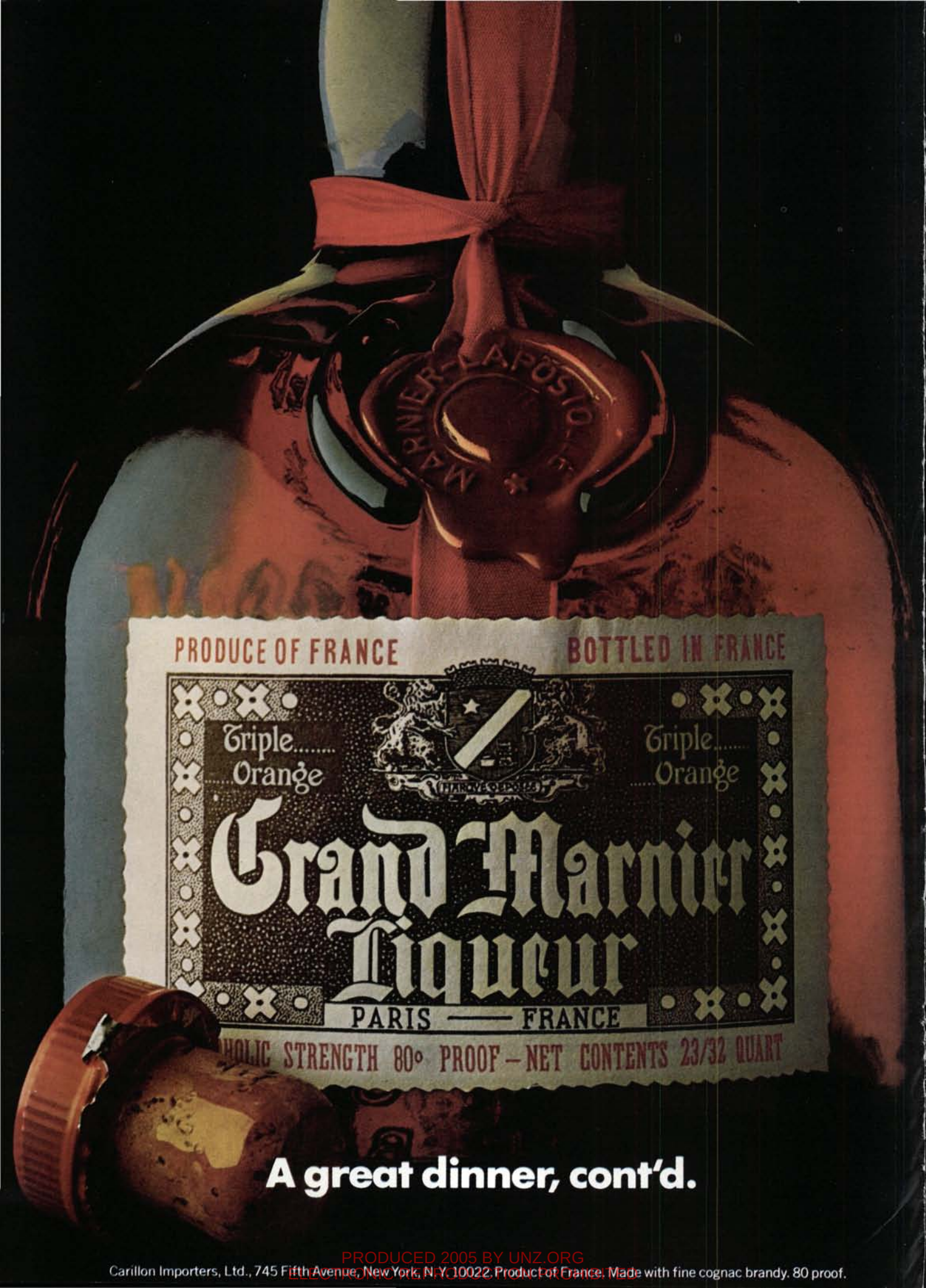

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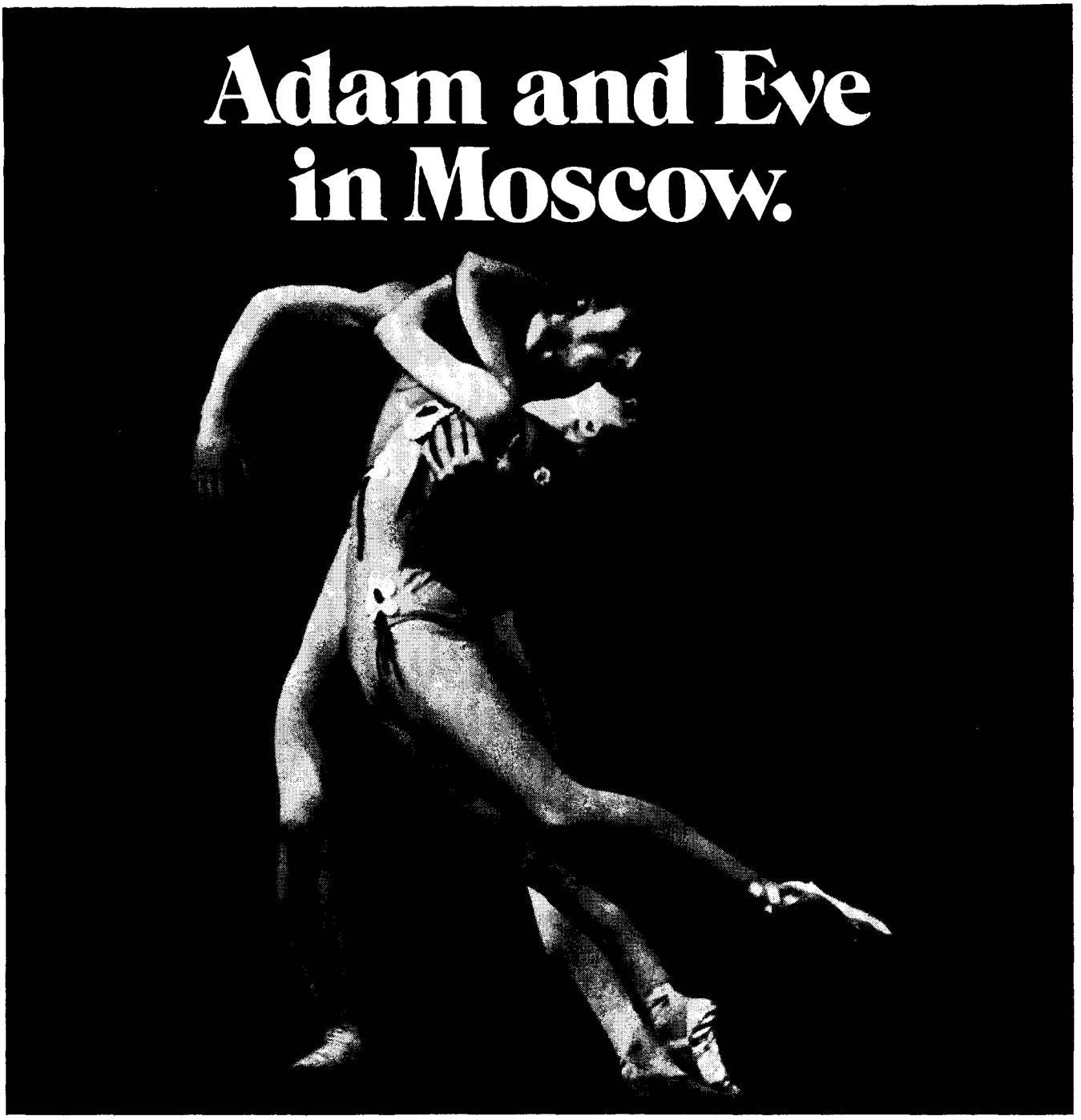

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Saturday Review of the Society

INDEX

JANUARY 1973 VOLUME LV, NUMBER 51

SR UP FRONT

5
"CRAZY WAR, ISN'T IT?"
By Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr.
For the 18,000 British troops in Ulster, patrolling—on foot or in armored "pigs"—is a risky and often bloody duty. In their off-duty hours, however, the young soldiers live it up with the teen-aged daughters of IRA men and Protestant hardhats alike, for in Belfast the British Army offers the only night life in town.

8
THE PRICE OF A LIFE
By Reginald L. White
As the author points out, there's a scale. Some people's lives are valued at $33 each; others go for $300,000.

8
HOBO HOEDOWN
By Dan Carlinsky
Meet Lord Open Road, Pennsylvania Kid, and Hard Rock Kid, three of the front runners for King of the Hobos at this year's National Hobo Convention.

17
LETTERS

22
EDITORIAL: Redirecting Europe's Future
By Ronald P. Kriss
In Helsinki and Geneva, Berlin and London, and even Lausanne, the future course of the Continent may well be redirected in the months ahead.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ART CREDITS:
Cover Jan Faust; pp. 5, 12 Gene Holtan; p. 30 Wide World; p. 34 Stephen Osborne; p. 35 Marvin Mattelson; p. 36 Joyce Fitzgerald; p. 37 Jerry McDonald; p. 38 Arnold Roth; p. 39 Karl Nicolason; p. 40 Don Weller; p. 41 Jan Faust; p. 42 Fumio Kobayashi; p. 43 Ron Quilici; pp. 44, 47 Fumio Kobayashi; pp. 49-50 James McMullan; p. 59 *The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book*; p. 60 *The Image Makers*; p. 62 *Tallulah*, p. 68 *The American Heritage History of American Business and Industry*

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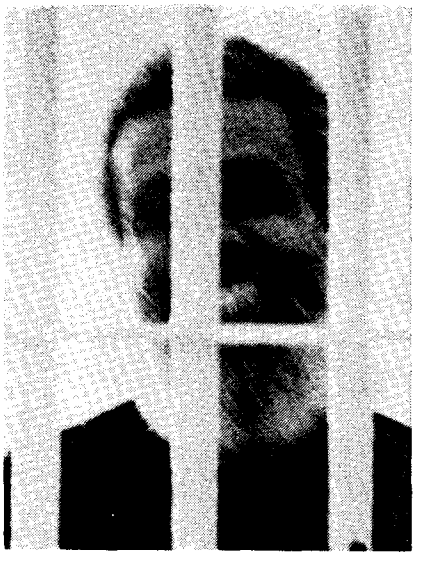
THE SOCIETY

25
The Making of a Militant
By Ernest Dunbar
"I couldn't fit the two images together," writes the author. "Nothing about Richard Henry, the quiet, earnest youth I had known in my old South Philadelphia neighborhood, allowed me to accept his metamorphosis into Imari Abubakari Obadele, cop killer."



33
Buzz Off, Ms. Post, It's Time for the New Etiquette
By Raymond Sokolov
"Now that the old etiquette is out of date," declares the author, "it is high time to rewrite Emily Post." He begins by coping with eight sticky situations.

42
Creative (and Mostly Upper-Middle-Class) Playthings
By Thomas Meehan
This pioneer toymaker rejects realism in favor of semiabstract shapes that exercise the imagination. The maker claims its toys are the best on the market. Yet the purposeful—and costly—things of Creative Playthings Inc. have made some parents feel anxious.

48
The Death of Harold
Edited by David F. Ward
"Old letters, fading with age, have a singular and perpetual charm," writes the discoverer and editor of this collection of letters written during the Depression. "But never have I known any as revealing and poignant as the collection of old letters—tied together with a rubber band and preserved in a small wooden box—I recently found in the attic of an abandoned house in Eureka, Kansas."

SR REVIEWS

58
BOOKS
The American Film Heritage: Impressions from The American Film Institute Archives
By Tom Shales, et al.
The Complete Greed
By Herman G. Weinberg
Those Great Movie Ads
By Joe Morella, Edward Z. Epstein, and Eleanor Clark
The MGM Years
By Lawrence B. Thomas
The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book
By Arlene Croce
The Image Makers: Sixty Years of Hollywood Glamour
By Paul Trent. Designed by Richard Lawton
Memo from David O. Selznick
Selected and edited by Rudy Behlmer
More About All About Eve
By Joseph L. Mankiewicz (colloquy by Gary Carey)
On Cukor
By Gavin Lambert
Tallulah
By Brendan Gill
Marion Davies
By Fred Lawrence Guiles
Miller's High Life
By Ann Miller with Norma Lee Browning
Reviewed by Joseph Kanon

64
Cities of Light and Sons of Morning: A Cultural Psychology for an Age of Revolution
By Martin Green
Reviewed by Todd Gitlin

68
The American Heritage History of American Business and Industry
By Alex Groner and the editors of American Heritage and Business Week
Great Stories of American Businessmen
From American Heritage magazine
American Enterprise: Free and Not So Free
By Clarence H. Cramer

71
Shorter Reviews
Homage to Daniel Shays: Collected Essays 1952–1972
By Gore Vidal
The Time Element and Other Stories
By John O'Hara

72
THEATER: Frothy Shakespeare; Obsessed O'Neill
By Henry Hewes

73
MUSIC: Ginastera's Piano Concerto Revisited: Mini-"Ring"
By Irving Kolodin

78
FILMS: 1776 and All That Malarky
By Thomas Meehan

79
TRAVEL: A New Cuisine in . . . London?
By Dale Harris

GAMES
64
Literary Crypt and Wit Twister
84
Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 2019

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". . .has the prime-time punch of an innovative ad man. . ." KIRKUS REVIEWS

"He sets everything down simply, frankly, and unpretentiously, making every effort to present himself just as he is – bluff and hearty and crude. While some readers may be thrown off now and then by the inelegance of Lois's speech (he swears like a trooper), they will discover several fascinating accounts of how the advertising industry operates and many entrancing stories. . ." LIBRARY JOURNAL

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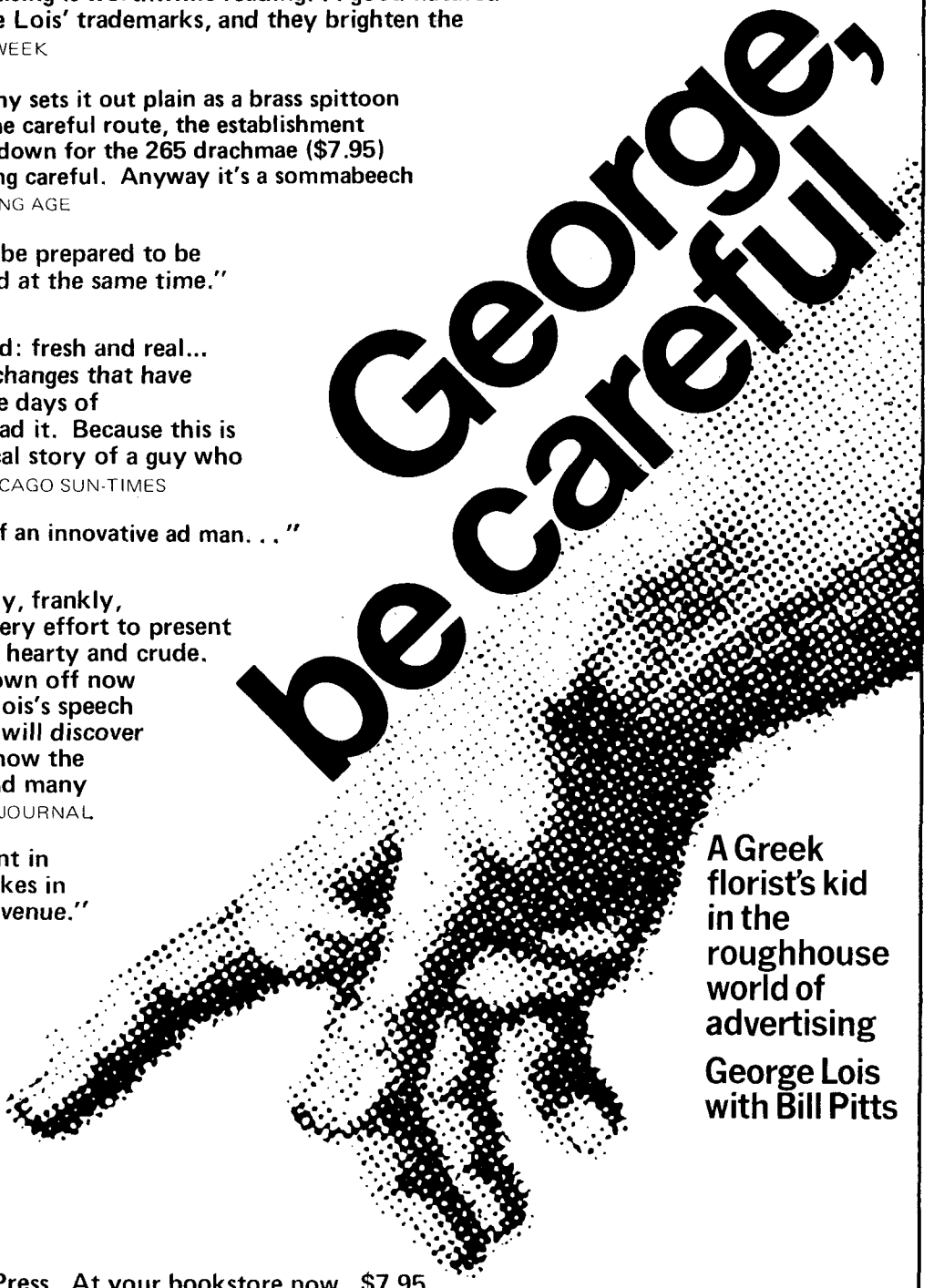

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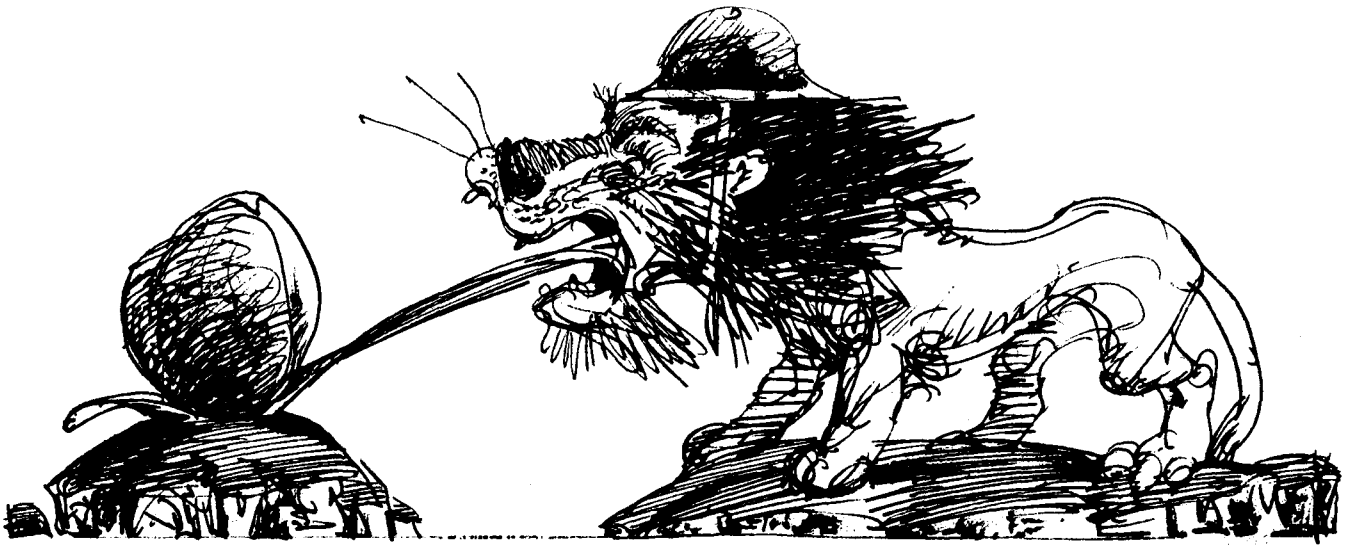
SR UP FRONT

DECEMBER 16, 1972



"Crazy War, Isn't It?"

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ, JR.

BELFAST, Northern Ireland—The ruddy-faced rifleman in the khaki sweater has a bit of beer in him, and, sprawled on the end of his bunk in a troop-crammed Belfast warehouse, he sings away:

When Irish eyes are smiling
Sure it's like Belfast in the spring.
When the bombs go off each morning,
They laugh like anything . . . .

Sitting nearby, Cpl. Tom Hazard, a broad-faced, smiling Englishman, is running a cleaning rag along the barrel of his deadly-looking, British standard-issue SLR (self-loading rifle), which can put a bullet through a brick at 100 yards. "I don't know if it's tougher than what your chaps went through in Vietnam," he says, "but we can't use grenades, machine guns, mortars, air support, gun ships—none of the heavy stuff I see your people using on the telly. It's just us and rifles against a lot of people who pop out of bedroom windows, blast away at us, and then send their wives and kids running back and forth across the streets so we don't dare shoot back."

Most of the 18,000 British troops in Ulster now (more than the number of American advisers who were in Vietnam when I first covered there in 1962, I recall) serve for only four months. But it's a helluva four months. Their quarters are primitive—abandoned warehouses, old mills, parked double-decker buses with bunks crammed in upstairs. Photos of wanted IRA men, "Dear John" letters, and pinups are strewn across the walls. A man goes outside only when he's on patrol. "It's eat, patrol, sleep, patrol, patrol, eat, and sleep—seven days a week," one soldier tells me. There is no overnight or weekend liberty (and only one spot of R&R, four days in England, after the second month). "An English soldier here with his clipped hair and accent, even in civilian clothes, would be spotted on the outside immediately, and he'd be picked up by the IRA and shot," the corporal explains. "We had to lose a couple of lads like that who only went out for a beer before we smartened up. Now the kids stay inside."

Recreation is the telly or cards, the dart board or the "disco," a combination pub and dance hall that each unit runs. Strange as it may seem, the discos are packed each night with the teen-aged daughters of IRA men and Protestant hardhats alike; the girls have found that the hated British Army offers the only night life in town. Every girl gets frisked by a soldier when she comes in—"the best army job in Ulster," the duty is called. A disco is lively from about 7 until 11:30 p.m. One room is lit where the drinking goes on; another is blacked out and sounds like a high school necking parlor.

"Weird, isn't it?" asks a flushed-faced,

Arturo Gonzalez, a freelance writer who lives in London, for a time covered the U.S. war in Vietnam.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE HOLTAN

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teen-aged trooper, after seeing his disheveled, red-haired colleen out the front door of the disco. "She comes from way over the other side of town, which is why she hangs out at our unit's disco—she figures she won't bump into too many of her friends here. Even if she does, each girl has a good reason to keep the other's secret. Tonight she gave me a hand job. Tomorrow she'll be heaving rocks at some of my mates over in Andersontown. And if we meet up in the streets while I'm on patrol, she'll start calling me a 'fucking English bastard' and telling me to 'get the hell out of Ireland,' as if she didn't know me—all to impress her wee friends. And then she'll be back here tomorrow night. Crazy war, isn't it?"

Possibly the craziest aspect of the war for the British soldiers is that it costs many of them money. "Our unit is based in Germany, normally," Corporal Hazard explains. "We have great quarters there—big bases, cinemas, commissaries, the NAAFI, you name it—and our families are with us. With nobody shooting at us. And since Germany is foreign duty, we all get an overseas allowance—about four pounds a week. But when we get to Ulster—separated from our families, living like pigs, and getting shot at—the Queen takes away our four pounds because we're not 'overseas' anymore. And there's no hazard or combat pay either."

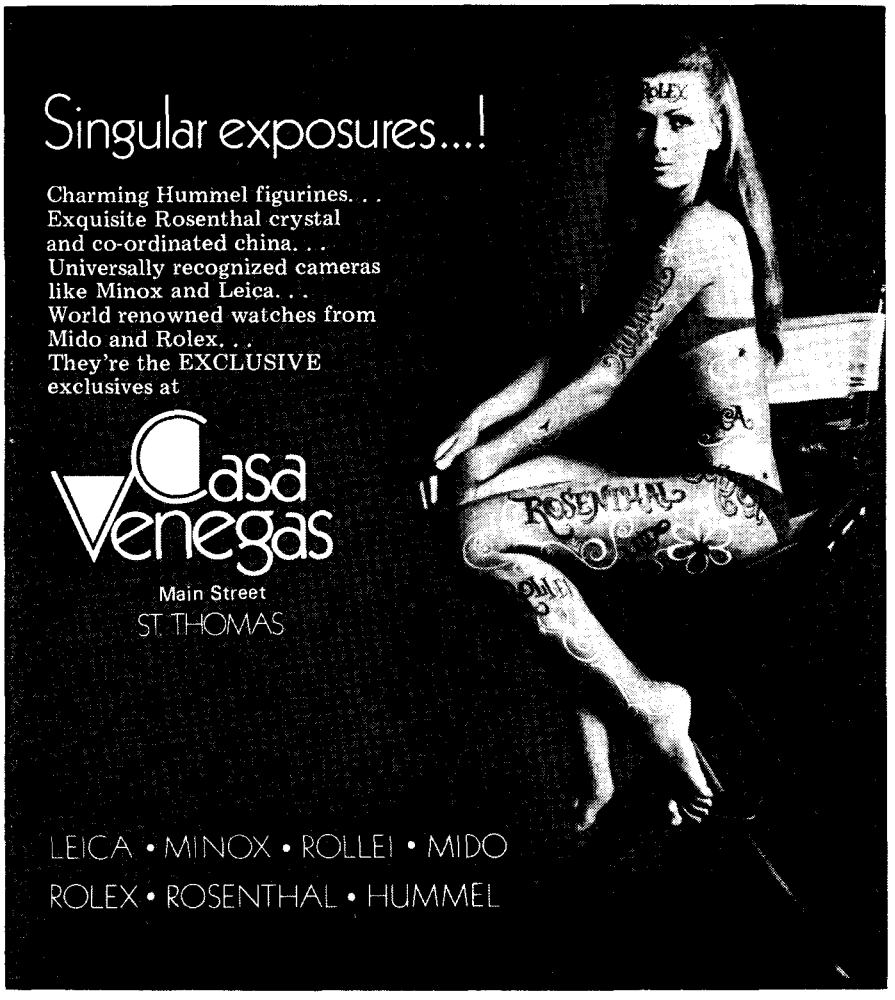
Clearly there should be. Almost every British Army post sits right in the middle of a crowded neighborhood, and gunmen are forever winging a shot through a messroom window or into a berthing area, sending everyone crashing to the floor, swearing, grabbing for flak vests with one hand and weapons with the other. Some new bunks have been armor-plated to make sleep a bit safer. Knowing that the IRA now has a couple of U.S. 3.5 bazookas with a 1,000-yard range doesn't help anyone's digestion or sleep. "Of course, the silly bastards don't know how to use them very well yet," laughs one heavy-weapons man. "They tried to fire one from inside a car the other day, and the flashback just about burned half of them up." Still, the assaults are becoming bolder. It used to be an occasional sniper's shot through a slit in the sandbags from one thousand yards away. "Now," one trooper says, "they've taken to rolling bulldozers down the hill at us, with one hundred pounds of gelignite strapped onto the blade."

The road passing one warehouse-barracks on Hastings Street has had a couple of huge humps built in it so that no one can speed by in a car and heave out a grenade or run off a full machine-gun magazine. The guards hunkered down behind the sandbags keep moving so as not to give any sniper with a long scope too easy a target and, like guards everywhere, sweat out the hours waiting for relief. "When the kids come along after school to throw rocks—the 'four-o-clock follies'—it's almost a pleasure," says one sentry. "At least it stops you from wondering if some nut out there is drawing a bead on you right now."

Patrolling is a constant, tiring, risky, and often bloody duty. Most of the patrols are done in "pigs," armored patrol cars that carry up to ten men in combat gear, plus their radio, and move at a top speed of 42 mph. "Live with nine other guys buttoned up in one of those for eight hours at a stretch, and you'll know why we call them pigs," the corporal explains.

A typical patrol begins with a clickety-click outside the barracks as each trooper rams a full magazine into the underside of his SLR and puts a first round into the chamber. Every weapon is carried at the ready—no casual slinging over the shoulder. Berets and fatigues ("silly as hell in brick streets, but that's the Queen's issue") are worn in daytime, wool-stocking caps and black-painted faces at night. The back doors of the pig are usually left open, with a couple of the young soldiers constantly keeping an eye out.

These kids must be at least eighteen, and they're all long-term volunteers—Britain has no draft. If they don't like what they're doing, mostly it's because they'd prefer to get a lot tougher than they're permitted to be. There's none of the "peacenik" sentiment that American draftees took to Vietnam. The most mutinous remark you hear is "Let's pull out and let the damned Irish cut each other's throats." The men respect the officers, move quickly when and where they're told, and figure that soldiering's a better way of making a living than digging coal in a Welsh mine or turning bolts on a British assembly line. The only way they seem to flout authority is by roughing up an IRA prisoner or whacking a bunch of rioting kids when the brass is not around. "He broke his nose falling downstairs, sir," they say to explain a bloodied suspect. Occasionally a trooper will flash a powerful slingshot—strictly nonregulation—that he uses to wing rocks back at rioters' heads when the captain isn't looking. And they've



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found ways to "load up" the supposedly nondeadly, black, five-ounce rubber-bullet rounds with ball bearings or pieces of lead. One such bullet, with a heavy electric battery packed into its center, recently hit an eleven-year-old boy in the head and fractured his skull.

Patrols take changing routes and leave at different times ("No sense letting the gunmen set up for us"). The only exceptions are the dreaded "lollipop patrols," when soldiers take Catholic and Protestant school kids home in the afternoon, to prevent them from tangling with each other. "You wouldn't think the gunmen would shoot at us when we're with their kids, but they do," the corporal sighs. "We've lost a couple of men on the lollipop, but it's a job that has to be done."

Sometimes at night a patrol is sent out just to keep the neighborhood's gunmen up and sleepless and moving. "Every block has its lookouts," explains a captain, "and as soon as we turn the corner, whistles are going off, women are hitting dustbin tops on the pavement, people are cursing us out of the windows, bedroom lights are flicking on and off in code. Meanwhile every gunman on the street has jumped out of bed, rushed downstairs, gone out the back door and in through the unlocked rear door of the house behind. There's no such thing as a locked back door in an IRA neighborhood. This way a gunman can run maybe fifty yards straight through five houses and be three blocks away from where we are in about ten seconds. But maybe this time we just walk down to the end of the block, climb back into the pig, and drive half a mile away to do the same thing all over again.

"Or maybe we're really after someone—a 'lift.' We drive up, dismount, take up positions, and go into the house." The captain explains that the tactic is 360-degree cover at all times. One trooper is down the block, kneeling behind a parked car; two others are in doorways, only their rifle muzzles visible to any gunmen possibly aiming down the street; other troops are at the street corners to make sure that no surprises are coming. Everyone has his finger on the trigger.

"If the kid I'm looking for isn't at home," the captain continues, "then I'll usually ask for three or four different other people at other houses up and down the road. I don't want them to know who I'm really anxious to get. Mostly what we had to begin with were just the names of suspects. Now we're trying to fit faces to names. At the very least we'll question the chap and mug him. That way next time someone walks into a pub and plants a bomb we

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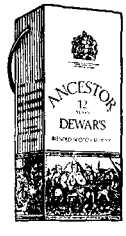

Hopefully, there will be enough for each of our friends. For although our quotas were up, it still seems like such a small amount. A certain amount of haste is advised, particularly if you intend to share some ANCESTOR with friends.

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can at least go to the pubkeeper with a pile of photos and ask, 'Was this the lad?' "

Tricks are tried by both sides. An Irish kid will stand on one end of a plank while another pulls up the other end and lets go, making a crack like a gunshot. "The idea is to panic us into firing first," Corporal Hazard explains. Street corners have been whitewashed to head height to give the gunmen a chance to draw a bead on troops as they slink by at night.

In the daytime, with kids playing in the streets, women wheeling prams, and the unemployed hanging around on the front steps of the pubs, the troops on patrol are cursed and threatened. Sometimes there are even deadly little ambushes. If the soldiers see the women and kids suddenly moving indoors, that means a gunman is in the area and ready to shoot. Sometimes the women suddenly bunch up and cut off the last man in a foot patrol, and before he can push his way through to his mates, someone from an upstairs window takes a shot at him. After the first few IRA rounds have been fired, the mothers may suddenly send all their kids back out onto the street, blocking any counterfire.

"It's really sick the way they use their kids," says one officer. "I sometimes think my son's going to be up here twenty years from now, just to deal with these little ones when they're grown up. What a miserable thought."

Any soldier who stands out from the rest gets a pile of Irish abuse heaped on his shoulders. Life is especially rough for a black wearing British Army combat clothes. Quite a few West Indians serve the Queen, and the very softest of the taunts they take are remarks like "Go home, Sambo, before we melt you down for rubber bullets."

"I just blow them kisses in return," says Pvt. Errol Geohagen from Barbados. "It really burns them up. When they ask me why I'm working for the white man, I just tell them to sort out their own problems first before they start worrying about mine. I don't mind all that verbal crap, really. All I know is that the girls who come over to our disco seem to dig me all right."

The lads hunched in the pig don't hate the Catholics, just the gunmen. They're just as worried about the "Prods," who are becoming increasingly belligerent. "After all," explains Corporal Hazard, "of the one hundred thousand registered guns in Ulster, the Prods own eighty-five thousand. If they decide to take us on, or take on the Catholics over our heads, all the shit we've been going through so far is going to seem like a Sunday school picnic." □

The Price of a Life

BY REGINALD L. WHITE

Recently we read in the San Francisco Chronicle *a letter to the editor that we felt merited the attention of* SR*'s readers. A slightly edited version of the letter is reprinted below, along with an autobiographical note we received from its British-born author.—Editors.*

What is human life worth? Dr. Leonard Sagan of the Palo Alto Medical Clinic [Aug. 22] says $300,000, but Mr. Robert Roth [Sept. 4] says life is priceless. By what means, Roth asks, can we compensate the dead?

Surely the question is: Whose life? And surely the answer depends on his politics—which side he's on. In 1967 we paid $33 for each Vietnamese child killed in an accidental bombing, but we got $100,000 from the Israelis for each American killed when the intelligence ship *Liberty* was torpedoed.

So there's a scale. One American is worth about 3,000 *friendly* Asians. In fact, the only time life doesn't come dirt cheap in the East (in our book) is when we're hell-bent to destroy it. Then we'll pay till it hurts—to kill. Again, in 1967, the cost of killing an enemy Asian was estimated at $300,000, a neat coincidence with Dr. Sagan's computation. [Sagan's figure is an estimate of the value of productive labor lost to society when a person dies.] And after five more years of inflation and intensified bombing the price of a dead VC has doubtless gone up steeply, along with the toll of Asian soldiers and civilians on both sides, though we are now down to a mere handful of U.S. casualties. This is called winding down the war.

As a high school dropout, I was engaged more or less in a war that brought down the British Empire and bled Europe white. The British Army sustained 240,000 casualties at Passchendaele; 420,000 on the Somme—57,450 of these on a single day, July 1, 1916. At Cambrai, between December 4 and 7, 1917, Haig lost 43,000, including 6,000 prisoners.

A puny sixteen-year-old, five-foot-two, and still afraid of wetting the bed, I played an unheroic part, of course. My skin was saved by my becoming a POW, one of the lucky few.

As a prisoner, I brooded about the imbecility of it all (everyone should read Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*), thought that I'd never get home again, but that, if I did, I'd be as happy as a king just to be alive and home. Of course, when I got home, I was as depressed as hell—habit. Fortunately, the armies of those days were primitive machines, comparatively. They didn't try to play God with returned POWs and "restore their philosophy."

A personal "philosophy" is not something that comes through briefing or psychiatry, but what experiences do to your head. In 1914–18 I learned to be lazy (army routine does that), to see war as tragic and absurd, death as imminent, life as paramount: the mere fact of being alive and sentient as more important than anything else—except wanting the same for other people and maybe seeing the funny side, if any. Nothing else matters—not possessions, not winning games, not money, not power, not even "face." When a good European (most are elderly now) shrugs his shoulders, this is what he means. □

Reginald L. White is a retired educator who came to America in 1928 and now lives in Muir Beach, California.

Hobo Hoedown

BY DAN CARLINSKY

BRITT, Iowa—Three yearly gatherings of note were held this past summer: the Democratic National Convention, in Miami Beach; the Republican National Convention, also in Miami Beach; and the National Hobo Convention, here in Britt. Since the Republicans and the Democrats chose not to invite me to their shindigs, I invited myself to visit the hobos.

The 'bos first convened in Britt, so we are told, in 1900. Thirty-three years later the get-together was revived and became an annual event. To be precise, if not cynical, the hobos don't actually convene themselves; the convening is done for them by the Britt Chamber of Commerce, which supervises a carnival, a parade, election of the King and Queen of the Hobos, a mulligan-stew line, and lots of other activities—and also absorbs the occasional losses the whole thing brings about (one year the event lost $4). The publicity, which is heavy in the Midwest, is good for Britt, they say.

Dan Carlinsky is a freelance writer who lives in New York. He is presently gathering material for a book about American hobos.

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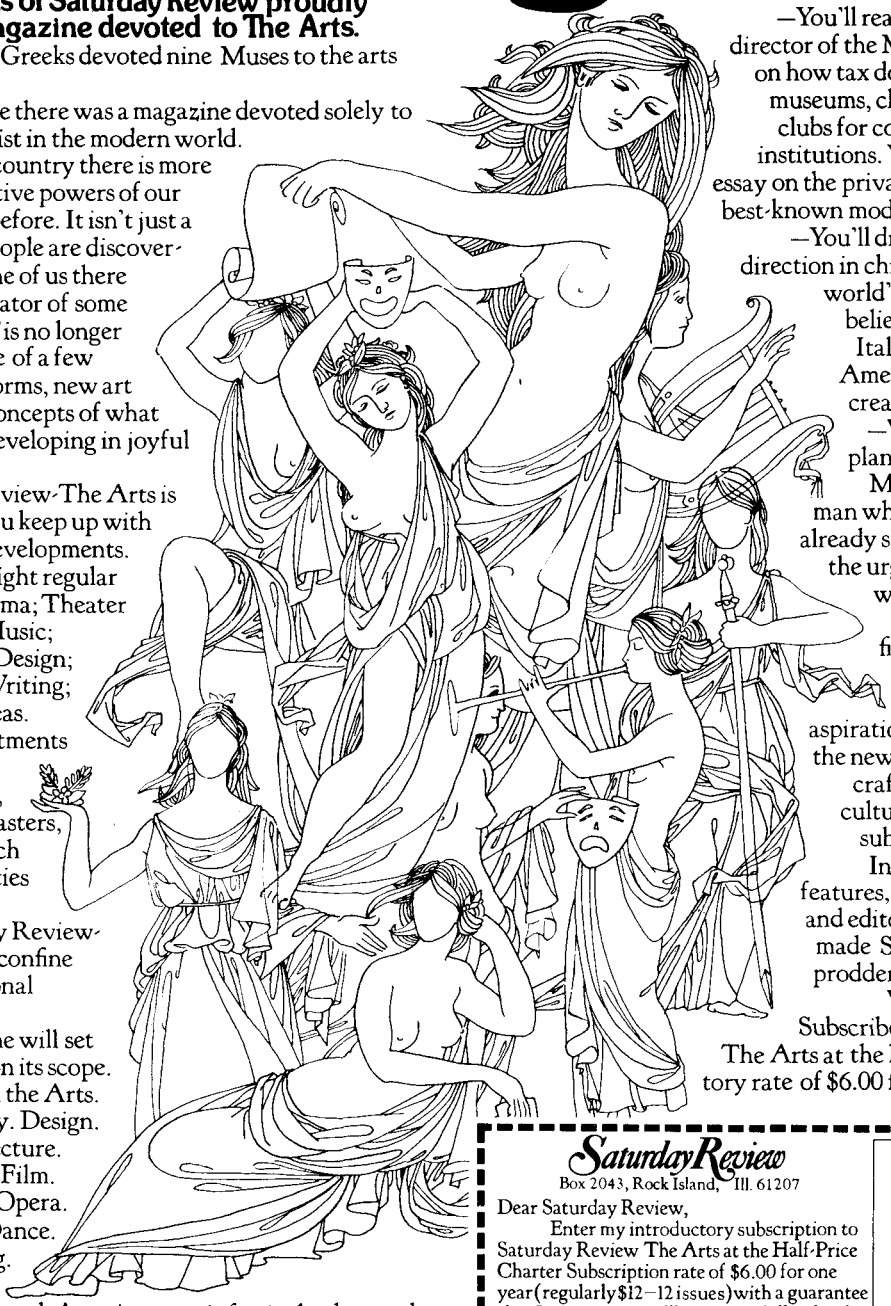

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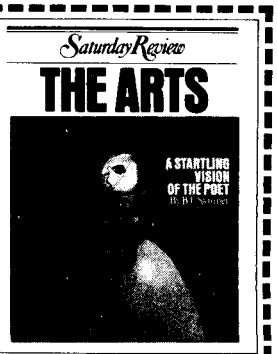

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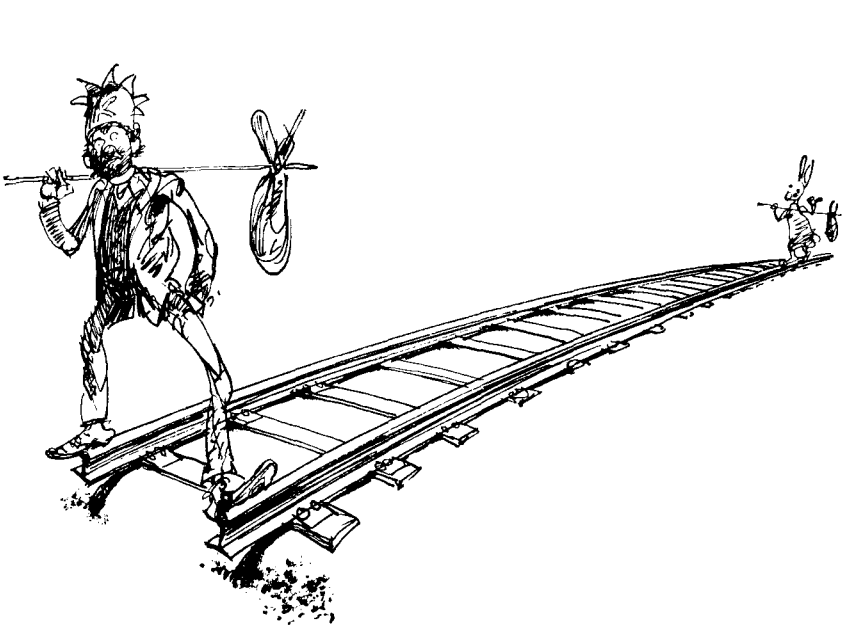

Driving up from the Des Moines airport the evening before the convention, I was stopped a few miles before town by the crossing of a Rock Island Railroad train. I kept a sharp eye on the fifty-nine railroad cars of various shapes as they slid past; none bore so much as a hint of a hobo. I had heard that the convention wasn't what it used to be (years ago there were forty or fifty candidates for king; in 1971 there were six), but was I to attend the last rites?

Not if the Britt Chamber of Commerce had anything to say about it. The three-block business district along Main Avenue, which is State Route 111, was shut down and filled with rides and games for the kids and food for everyone. Makeshift benches in front of stores were filled with spectators; a ferris wheel called Rock-o-Plane was on Main Avenue in front of the public library; a merry-go-round was in front of the First State Bank; a trailer labeled "Carnival Office" had been set up just off the avenue. I walked the length of the midway, watching kids and adults munch snow cones, wallow in cotton candy, ride the Tilt-a-Whirl, enter the fun house, toss things, shoot things, grab things, win Teddy bears, and buy souvenir hobo key chains for 75 cents.

A kind townsperson informed me that several hobos had already been in town for a few days, taking advantage of Britt's annual hospitality (a $7.50 grubstake per hobo), and that my best bet for finding early arrivals would be to go to the little refreshment stand around back through a nearby alley.

I followed the instructions and came upon a big bull of a man with a denim shirt and jacket, a green cap, and a mean face. He was holding a can of Budweiser; it was not his first. "Are you a hobo?" I asked, pen poised.

His answer came in a bellow: "I am known as Lord Open Road, but my real name is James Harrison Langford Esquire the Third! How's that?" I had me a live one.

"I've been a hobo since March the ninth, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, which happened to fall on a Wednesday, and I'm now fifty-two years of age. I went on the road due to conditions beyond my control. As the weak and free moral agent that I am, I must follow that command. I spend most of my time traveling in the western and southwestern parts of the United States, where the air is clean and I can get next to Mother Nature as her most ardent pupil and disciple. How's that?"

I assured him that was fine and asked him to tell me how he lived and where he slept.

"Anyhow, anywhere!" he boomed. "Right now I'm sleeping in the old city jail here, courtesy of the fine people of Britt, Iowa. Other American hobos here today are seeking shelter and lodging elsewhere: in the weeds, in abandoned cars, trucks, buildings, shacks, what have you. You have to learn step by step, program by program, routine by routine, like I did. There's an old saying that originated in Europe—or Europa, however you choose—that he who travels alone travels the farthest and the fastest. Next question!"

"How do you eat?" I asked.

"By having sufficient funds or mak-

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ing use of the institutions set up for indigent, traveling Americans like myself," he answered. "I think the Salvation Army tops 'em all. The Red Cross is so technical, y'know. They hate to issue a quarter, and they give you a stack of papers this high to sign. At the Salvation Army you can receive the things you need, maybe home-cooked meals. Then you must move out and make room for the next American. Family men can get some money there, but I'm just a transient. Family men are a higher echelon of society. Put that down. May I have your next question?"

"Where did you get the money for that beer?" I asked, trying to keep from sounding as if I were accusing him of stealing it.

"From the citizens and taxpayers of Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, who graciously contributed."

I asked Lord Open Road if he was planning to stand for election.

"This is my sixteenth year of campaigning for king!" he yelled. "I've never won! The law of averages has gotta decide. A person can't keep losing year after year. It's up to the law of averages this time. How's that?"

He put a cigar into a plastic holder, lit it with a Zippo lighter, and continued.

"Us old-timers are a vanishing institution. The hippies, the scum, and the riffraff are taking over. There aren't seven real hobos left. How's that?"

I left Lord Open Road and sauntered over to a picnic table at which sat one authentic old man of the road and eight or ten college students, some in mock-hobo garb. The kids were from South Dakota State University and had come to the National Hobo Convention to publicize their *own* hobo affair, the school's homecoming, which regularly has a hobo motif and is called Hobo Day. "It's the biggest one-day event in the Dakotas," the Hobo Day chairman, a tall premed named Jim Higgins, told me.

The real hobo at the table, it turned out, was none other than Richard Wilson, whose moniker is the Pennsylvania Kid and who was the reigning King of the Hobos. He had a gray beard, three rings on his fingers, and dozens of buttons with various sayings pinned to his hat.

Wilson told me that he went on the road forty-eight years ago, riding in boxcars, hitching rides with cars, working here and there as a dishwasher. "I quit working after eight or ten years of washing dishes," he said, "because I could see no future in it." He grinned. "If you don't want anything, you can survive pretty good without working.

"You can't ride the trains the way you used to. You can't hardly be a real hobo today, just a highway hobo. Lots of winos and bums around, but I'm the last hobo. I just come from Omaha, Council Bluffs, Sioux City. I'll be in Britt till Wednesday. I haven't decided where I go next; I might catch a train to Albert Lea. But I wouldn't miss the convention; I'm always here for it."

It was getting dark. I stopped to see the camp area that several of the hobos had set up in a vacant lot behind the Goodyear Auto Service Center. A bonfire of scrap wood was burning; some dozen yards away the railroad tracks lay quiet. Two or three hobos and a handful of bystanders were there, chatting. A hoboish-looking man, wearing railroad overalls and sporting a neat, white goatee, told me that his name was John Lester, that he used no monicker, and that he'd "been out since 1928, when I went for a loaf of bread and jumped a freight and never came back." He also said that this was the first convention he had attended.

"Sure, hobos have been dying out," Lester told me, "but the past couple of years I've been seeing more of them out in the jungle, because people are out of work like in the Thirties. During the Depression you'd wake up and find whole families with babies in the boxcar with you. We may get that again. One out of twenty of us does it because we like it. Face it: The others have to. Black guys you don't see so much. They don't have to be on the road—they're on relief, getting the check.

"Tomorrow, after the election, I'll hitch to Minneapolis and then take a freight to the West Coast. I go wherever I can work a little bit. A lot of these guys here won't admit it, but we all do some work. I do furniture moving. If I go to Frisco, I got Frisco jeans. If I go to a furniture company, I got a green shirt and green pants like what they wear. You got to use the angles. The longest I've been in one place in the past seven years is one month. I head for New Orleans in the winter. It's great because you run into people you haven't seen in years. But it's getting harder. On branch lines, the feeder lines, you never know when the trains are going to run, and I'm getting too old to run after trains. The wheels are bigger, and the beds are too high these days. So I usually catch them down in the yards. It's getting tougher to get by the railroad bulls, too. They're watching out for crime.

"You can't even knock on people's doors anymore and offer to mow a lawn or carry the ashes. Today they call the police if you knock on their door. For sleeping I prefer the weeds—who

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wants to go to bed in a seedy hotel?"

That reminded me that I had ten miles to drive to my own sleeping place for the night (the only motel in Britt was full of tourists who had come to see the hobos), so I left.

Early next morning I returned to downtown Britt. It was not yet 8 a.m., but townspeople were up and around and some visitors were ambling through the still-shut rides and booths. The first figure I recognized was the denim bulk of Lord Open Road. He hailed me from across the street and asked me to join him for a cup of coffee at an outdoor, sit-down booth.

"I got drunker than a skunk last night," he informed me in his usual bellow, punctuated by self-conscious laughs. "I went over to the dance at the Legion Hall and tried to dance with a teen-ager. I made a fool of myself and threw my hip out and went to bed. . . . I'll have a short stack and sausage and coffee and grapefruit juice."

I noticed a bankbook in Lord Open Road's shirt pocket and inquired about it.

"This is from the Columbia Union National Bank in Kansas City, Missouri, a growing metropolis, or municipality. I just spent twenty-one days there visiting relatives, having social intercourse, and renewing old acquaintances. How's that?"

We finished breakfast. Lord Open Road paid his own tab, and I gratefully excused myself.

By 9:10 merry-go-round music was competing with rock music screaming from a speaker, and hobos and guests were wandering all over downtown getting ready for the parade, which was scheduled for 10. A new hobo hove into sight. Gray-haired, he was wearing a vest and an unashamedly promotional sandwich-board sign that read Hard Rock Kid. He told me that he had taken a freight from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and that a friend had driven him the last leg of the journey that morning so that he wouldn't miss the festivities. Hard Rock Kid was a thirty-year veteran of the road; he had been to many conventions in Britt. Like other hobos, he thought he belonged to an endangered species.

By now the crowd lining both sides of the parade route had grown to what must have been at least three or four times Britt's population of 2,400. I stepped inside a parked bus to see who was there, and a lady with glasses and a kerchief told me that she was from Shenandoah, Iowa, and that a tour group from Shenandoah came to the National Hobo Convention every year. "I've been three times, and every time it's been a lot of fun," she said.

I then chatted briefly with three teen-aged boys from Elkader, who told me that Elkader was near Waterloo, more than 100 miles to the southwest, that they had pitched a tent in a rest area the night before, that they have carnivals all the time in Waterloo, and that they came to see the hobos.

Next to the judges' stand two young announcers from KLSS, an FM radio station in Mason City, were doing a live broadcast from the opened rear of a red Torino station wagon. While they waited for the Hobo Parade to start, the announcers interviewed a Chamber of Commerce man who told them that mulligan stew, which would be served free after the parade and election, was just good beef stew. It was cooked by the high school girls' basketball team, he said, and would be served by the volunteer firemen.

At 10:17 the parade—led by a police car with roof light flashing—started off. There were school bands, floats from all over the state, a few floats from out of state (including a 1912 Model T driven by the crew from SDSU), and a huge float with hobos sitting serenely around its perimeter. The Pennsylvania Kid yelled to the crowd, "Gonna vote for me?" Everyone cheered. Everyone, it seemed, liked seeing the hobos.

At 11:30, with the carnival sounds in the background, several hundred fans pressed into the municipal parking lot for the feature performance. There was an announcement of the awards for best floats (first prize for adult floats: First Lutheran Church; first prize for youth floats: Boy Scouts), a message from Sen. Harold E. Hughes ("Deeply regret that prior commitments prevent. . . ."), a greeting by Mayor Ray S. Baker ("Most warm welcome from the City of Britt. . . ."), and a selection by the national champion fiddler, who told everybody to buy his new recording.

Throughout these proceedings the hobo contestants had been slowly gathering and taking their seats on the stage of the Showmobile, which is a kind of band shell. Several TV film cameras were set up in front of the stage, and newspaper photographers were jockeying for positions. There were eleven entrants, who were given two minutes each for a campaign statement.

Iowa Blackie: ". . . freight train at fourteen, got hooked on riding. . . ."

Connecticut Slim: ". . . crown prince of the hobos . . . 1929 . . . this is a brotherhood; we're the only guys left."

Virginia Slim: ". . . forty-six states . . . a dying thing, but an honorable thing. . . ."

Sparky Smith: ". . . I'm all over, usually out west . . . ."

Big Town: ". . . born 1892, on the road since 1908 . . . very happy in the life I've lived . . . ."

John Lester: ". . . I've been out since 1928 . . . you gotta keep clean, so the businessman will say, 'At least he ain't drunk'. . . ."

Pennsylvania Kid: ". . . these other winos and bums around here . . . ."

Hard Rock Kid: ". . . one of the few bona fide hobos in the great United States . . . I'll work, a bum won't . . . I'm for peace and prosperity and no poverty; I'm opposed to acid, the fuzz, and no smoking. I want free transportation for all hobos, one good meal a day, and three months' vacation in Florida. . . ."

Steamtrain Maury: ". . . when I was a young man, I spent a lot of years on the road . . . paused long enough to raise a family . . . last four years I've been back on the road part-time . . . want to put memories and history of us in a book . . . ."

Slow Motion Shorty: ". . . thanks to police and mayor . . . ."

Lord Open Road: ". . . my full name is . . . known by friend and foe, in front of me, in back of me, regardless of nationality, in parts of Europe —or Europa, however you choose . . . as I walk into the hobo sunset of oblivion, I ask to be elected. . . ."

The voting was by applause only (no whistling, hooting, or shouting). After a runoff of the Pennsylvania Kid, the Hard Rock Kid, and Steamtrain Maury, the Hard Rock Kid was declared winner and King of the Hobos and then dressed in a tin crown and a blue robe with fur and sequins. A young-looking, nonhobo blonde with a teen-aged daughter was quickly re-elected honorary Queen of the Hobos, and she kissed Hard Rock for the cameras. Hard Rock told the press: "I'm the happiest hobo in the world. God bless youse all. . . ." He didn't tell them that he had been king before —in 1970, 1967, and 1965—and none of the reporters seemed to know.

Hard Rock signed autographs, posed for the press's Nikons and the tourists' Instamatics, sold eight-by-ten glossy portraits of himself for $3 each, and wandered around accepting congratulations over and over again.

"Hey, Hard Rock! Will you be in Brookings?"

"Yeah, see you there."

"Hard Rock—are you coming back to Ames?"

"Next week."

"When will you be out our way in Wisconsin?"

"I don't know, but I'll be there." □

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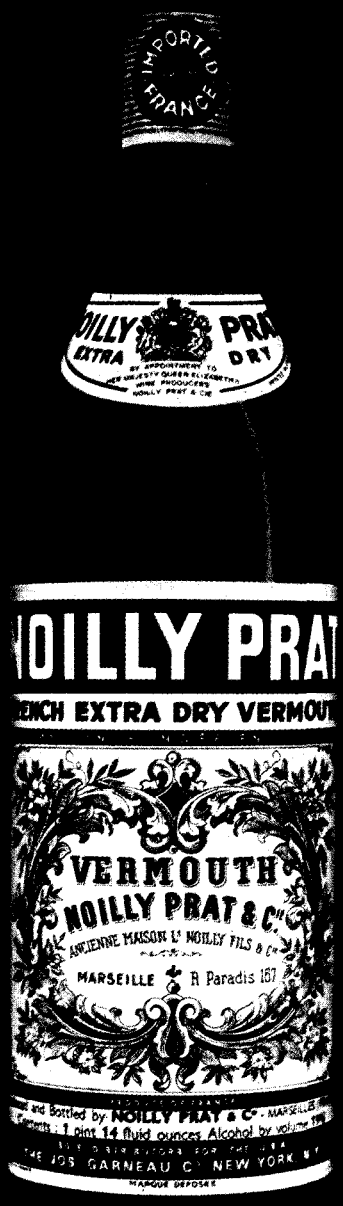
34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



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Letters

Vietnam Revisited

Your special issue *The Consequences of the War* [*SR*, Nov. 18] was splendid. Not the least of its virtues was the fact that it gave Lord George-Brown ["A Victory for Alliance"] and Herman Kahn ["Four What-Ifs"] their chance to make an indecent exposure of their minds.

Like many other diplomats, Lord George-Brown seems to have lost all contact with reality. The United States violated a dozen treaties, agreements, and declarations of principle—some going back to World War I—and yet he can argue that we fought to honor our commitments. We imposed a corrupt and oppressive military dictatorship on South Vietnam—and he talks of a great victory for the freedom to establish freedom. We committed $2,600,000,000 in an attempt to reimpose French colonialism, and we only stopped in 1954 because the French refused to fight on (as John Foster Dulles and Admiral Radford were eager to have them do, even if the price was American air power and atomic bombs)—yet Lord George-Brown writes that the old "imperialist powers" were excluded.

As for Herman Kahn, it should be enough to note that he refers to the present situation as "success"!

I should like, however, to suggest a fifth "What-If" to add to Kahn's collection of scenarios: What would have happened if we had kept our word and honored the 1954 Geneva Accords, as Eisenhower promised we would do? What if, instead of immediately violating the five major provisions of that agreement, we had allowed plans to be made in 1955 for the election that had been promised for 1956 and had allowed the future of Vietnam to be decided by a general election, held with secret ballots under international supervision? Ho Chi Minh almost certainly would have won, as Eisenhower testified. He would have united the country under a government that would have been far from perfect but immeasurably superior to the one that we have imposed. Vietnam would now be better off by over one million lives, over one million homes, and all the millions of acres we have reduced to barren wasteland. We would have saved $400,000,000,000 and fifty thousand lives—and our honor.

William Palmer Taylor
Hamilton, Ohio

In "Who Really Died in Vietnam?" Leslie Fiedler states that our "deep-seated hatred for nonwhites may finally have been the reason why we were able to drop the atomic bomb on the Japanese, though not on the Germans. . . ." Had Fiedler bothered to do even the most basic research, he would have discovered that Germany surrendered in May 1945 and that the first atomic bomb, as opposed to the static test device, was not ready until that July.

Terry W. Jackson
San Francisco, Calif.

Frankly, I have not been one of the most articulate of an older group of *SR* readers, with respect to the new magazine(s), finding the format distracting and the cartoons something of a *Mad* magazine reject quality.

Nevertheless, your issue *The Consequences of the War* is superb, outstanding, excellent, and whatever other admirable superlatives you may prefer. It alone vindicates and redeems all the other issues that left me less than enchanted.

My most sincere congratulations on a masterpiece.

A. W. Edwards
Laredo Times
Laredo, Tex.

In case you did not see the results, McGovern, a one-issue candidate, lost the election totally.

Among other conclusions, it can be inferred that a record number of American citizens support the President and our military staffs in their handling of the Vietnam War and are not the least bit interested in what McGovern has to say, and even less interested in what *The Society* is shouting.

Michael P. Beere
Timonium, Md.

Thank you for the issue on Vietnam. It was excellent.

James M. Gavin
Cambridge, Mass.

The special issue of *The Society* is one of the most fascinating pieces of fact-laced-fiction-à-la-opinion that I have ever read. It is enigmatic enough to prick thinking. Only Leslie Fiedler seems to have lost contact with reality concerning the Vietnam conflict.

Thanks for a great issue!

Phillip J. Woodworth
Mackinaw Christian Church
Mackinaw, Ill.

What makes you think your readers want to receive an entire issue devoted to the Vietnam War? I certainly do not, and everyone I speak to is sick to death of even hearing the word "Vietnam." It's not just closing one's mind to unpleasantness; it's that we've heard nothing but this over and over until there is nothing more to say. Your articles were just a rehashing of what has been said before.

David M. Price
New York, N.Y.

The Doomsday Syndrome

Let me mention just two of the more blatant errors in John Maddox's arguments [*SR*, Oct. 21]. He cites the increase in the rate of food production that has occurred in the last few years, outstripping population growth, and he concludes that warnings of global famine are unrealistic because there is no reason "to believe that the green revolution will slow down in the coming years." There is every reason to believe that it *must* slow down: the world has finite resources of arable land, and each acre has finite capacity, especially if overloaded with fertilizers as required by the high-yield crops.

A second example of Maddox's inaccuracy is his accusation that Paul Ehrlich makes a "bland assumption" that the social forces that have slowed down population growth in the developed countries will not work in the rest of the world. Unfortunately, this is no bland assumption but tragically likely to be the case. A physicist like Maddox should understand that, when initial conditions are very different, the same forces can result in qualitatively different behavior. The underdeveloped countries are starting from a base population with a huge proportion of young people. So, even if their birthrates were to drop precipitously, their total populations would almost certainly double before stability is reached; moreover, the birthrates will drop very slowly if they follow the pattern of the developed countries. The simplest analysis of the time scales of population growth versus those of social change and industrialization shows that the "doomsayers" (as Maddox calls the environmentalists) would find it difficult to exaggerate the urgency of their cause.

Beatrice M. Tinsley, Ph.D.
Richardson, Tex.

Air Piracy

I thought that Robert Meyers's piece ["Stopping the Hijacker," *SR*, Oct. 21] was quite worthwhile from the standpoint of spotlighting the enormous dimensions of the airport security problem. However, it contained an erroneous assumption concerning the federal government's future role in hijack prevention, which needs to be clarified. Contrary to the thrust of the article, the federal government has not the slightest intention of abdicating its responsibilities.

The departments of Transportation, Justice, State, Defense, and others will continue their respective and cooperative efforts in the antihijacking program as long as air piracies continue.

J. H. Shaffer
Administrator
Federal Aviation Administration
Department of Transportation
Washington, D.C.

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Editorial

Redirecting Europe's Future

Throughout 1972, as the United States sought to extricate itself from the Vietnam War and to repair its relations with China and the Soviet Union, the datelines to watch were Washington and Peking, Moscow and Saigon. Now, with the year drawing to a close, Europe's turn has come, and the big news will be flowing from Helsinki and Geneva, Bonn and Berlin, London and Lausanne. In those cities two events of tremendous symbolic significance will occur and three crucial conferences will be staged during the weeks and months ahead; the result could well be to redirect the future course of the Continent.

The first of the symbolic events is a direct result of West Germany's recent elections, which gave a surprisingly strong vote of confidence to Chancellor Willy Brandt and his *Ostpolitik*, the policy of rebuilding his country's bridges to the East. Before the year is out Brandt is expected to travel from the federal capital in Bonn to East Berlin to sign a pact that will establish normal relations with the Communist regime of East Germany. Before last month's elections Brandt almost certainly would have been voted down had he tried to get such a treaty ratified. Now he enjoys a forty-eight-seat majority in the Bundestag, and approval is a foregone conclusion.

The other symbolic event occurs on New Year's Day, 1973, when Britain, Ireland, and Denmark officially become members of the European Economic Community, better known as the Common Market. As soon as the three newcomers join the six initial signatories of the Treaty of Rome (Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and West Germany) to form a market of 250 million people with a combined Gross National Product of nearly $600 billion, vast new trading opportunities will be created. Perhaps more important will be the psychological impact. For centuries the British have viewed the English Channel, not as a gateway to the Continent, but as a welcome barrier, insulating them from the hurly-burly of Europe. Some Britons fear that the Continent's manners and mores will now overwhelm their distinctive, supremely civilized way of life. But others hope that their life-style somehow will remain intact and that the link with Europe will mean a needed infusion of vigor into a nation that has grown far too apathetic in many respects.

As for the three conferences, one involves only the United States and the Soviet Union, but it is of far more than merely peripheral interest to Europe. This is SALT II, the second chapter of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Geneva. The first chapter set limits on the numbers of offensive missiles that each superpower may possess and on the emplacement of antimissile systems. The current round will delve into equally thorny matters, such as antisubmarine warfare.

A second conference is scheduled to get under way in Lausanne next month among a dozen members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and of the Warsaw Pact. At issue is the incredibly complex subject of a Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction (MBFR) in the heart of Europe. Moscow is thought to be anxious to ship several of its twenty divisions out of East Germany because of heavy manpower requirements along the still-tense Sino-Soviet border. Washington is believed to be anxious to cut back its 320,000-man force in West Germany, partly for reasons of economy but also to reduce the danger of a U.S.-Soviet confrontation. The thorniest area of the force reduction talks is what might be called the question of equivalency. If Moscow were to pull back five divisions, for example, would an equivalent reduction by Washington be five divisions or fewer, since the Russians would be moving only a few hundred miles overland while the Americans would be crossing an ocean and withdrawing close to 4,000 miles?

The most dramatic of the conferences and the one that is likely to generate the most heat and headlines is the cumbersomely titled Conference on European Security and Cooperation. Thirty-four nations, including the United States and Canada, are already attending a preparatory meeting in a Helsinki suburb, with the objective of getting the full-scale conference under way sometime in 1973. The conference is a brain child of the Soviets, who have been campaigning for years to hold a big, formal conclave to ratify the existing borders in Europe.

Washington long resisted the security conference as a meaningless propaganda circus, which it still might turn out to be. U.S. policy makers were also worried that a formalization of Europe's boundaries would lead to an unwise relaxation by the NATO allies, and ultimately to the certification of the Soviets as the dominant, if not unchallenged, military power on the Continent. What persuaded the United States finally to give in to Moscow's insistent demands for the conference was, essentially, a simple trade-off. The Soviets agreed to discuss force reductions at a separate parley, so the Americans said, "Why not?" to Moscow's extravaganza. Besides, Washington realized that, if the Western allies faced a serious problem in presenting a united front at the security conference, so did the Communists. In recent weeks Soviet Communist party leader Leonid Brezhnev breezed into Hungary and Poland to try to force those countries into line with Soviet policy; he didn't bother visiting Rumania, for there was no hope that Bucharest could be similarly cajoled or pressured.

Of course, the upshot of all this activity could be very little in the way of real movement. Willy Brandt may sign a treaty, but East and West Germany are not likely to come together for a long, long time—if ever. Britain may join a primarily economic community and still resist any sort of political or spiritual union with the peoples across the Channel. The strategic arms and force reduction talks might amount to nothing more than talk. And the security conference—since every one of the thirty-four participants is endowed with veto power—could swiftly turn into a joke.

And yet, given all the activity scheduled for 1973, it could be that some startling changes will ensue. Henry Kissinger has predicted that 1973 will be "the year of Europe," and it may prove to be quite a year. Long-frozen attitudes might begin to thaw, new patterns might be established, new allegiances might begin to form. Such changes can be extremely dangerous—but they can also be challenging and even exhilarating.

Ronald P. Kriss

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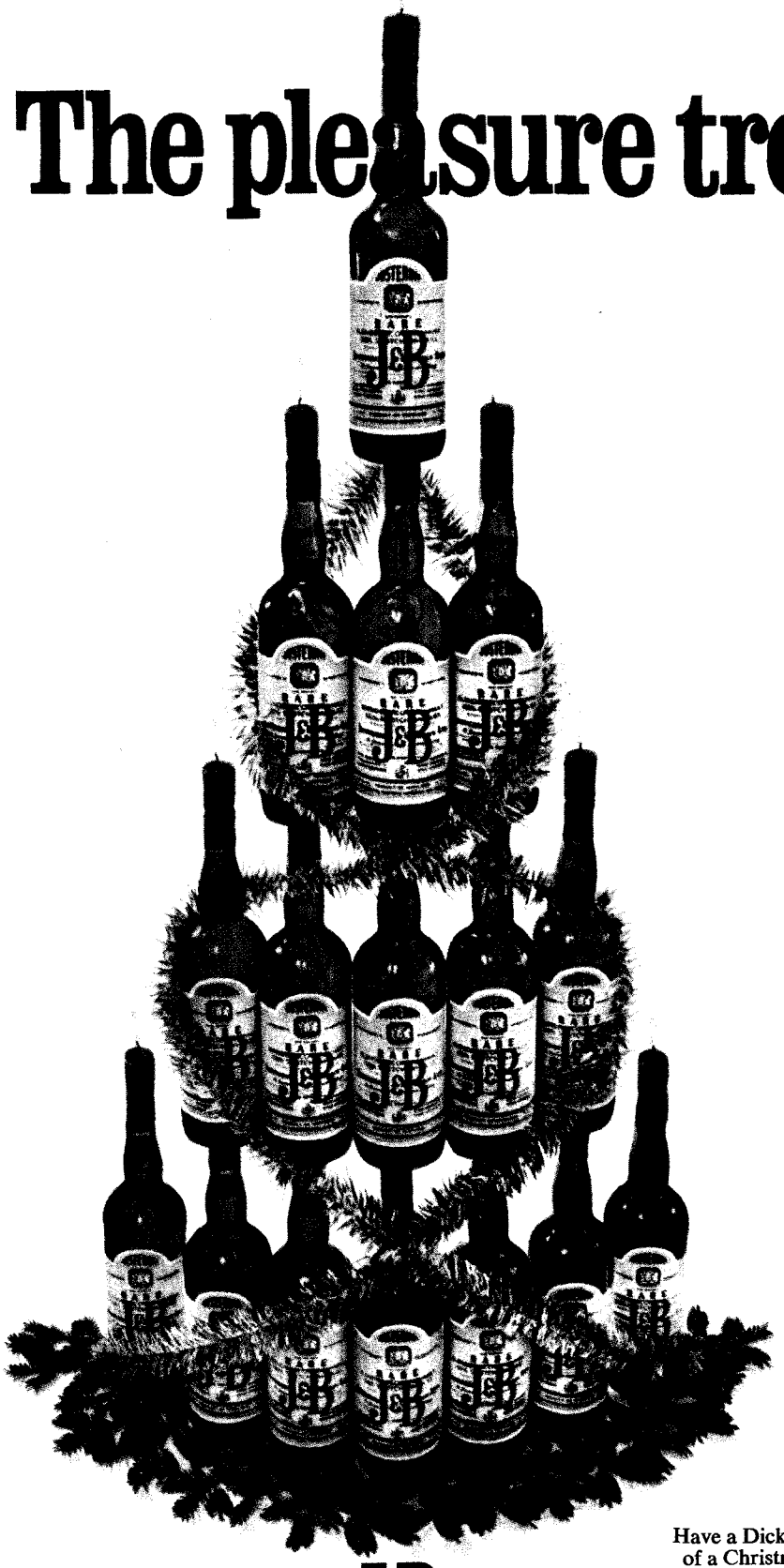

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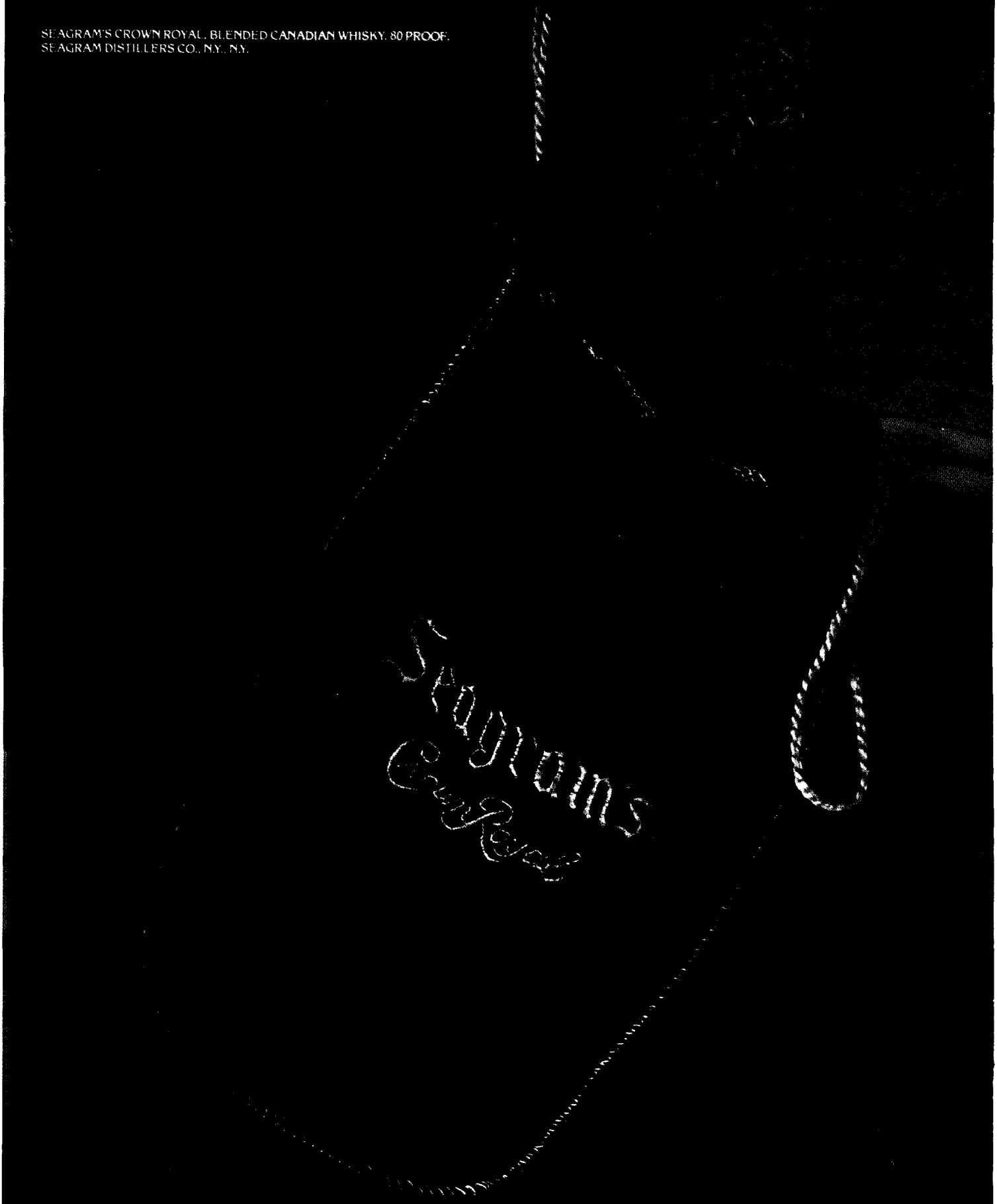

Just a little reminder it's almost Christmas again.

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

THE MAKING OF A MILITANT

"I couldn't fit the two images together. Nothing about Richard Henry, the quiet, earnest youth I had known in my old South Philadelphia neighborhood, allowed me to accept his metamorphosis into Imari Abubakari Obadele, cop killer."

BY ERNEST DUNBAR

One August morning last year I picked up my copy of the *New York Times* and spotted the headline, "Policeman Dies; Separatists Charged." The story went on to describe a shoot-out that took place during a police raid on the Jackson, Mississippi, headquarters of the Republic of New Africa, a black separatist organization. Among the blacks arrested and charged with "conspiracy to murder," the *Times* reported, was the RNA's forty-one-year-old president, Imari Abubakari Obadele I.

Imari Abubakari Obadele . . . my eye halted at that lilting African name —strange-sounding yet oddly familiar. I had, after all, known Imari Abubakari Obadele as Richard B. Henry when we were both growing up in the same South Philadelphia neighborhood in the 1940s. In my mind's eye I recalled a soft-spoken but articulate youth, slight of build, with a shy smile, always involved in some cause or another and possessed of a fierce intelligence. Then I remembered some of his brothers and sisters whom I had also known in those years, all of them high achievers, blacks whose goal was determinedly college at a time when most of the rest of us figured that, if we could just survive high school, we'd have it made.

Could this be the same Richard Henry "conspiring to murder" a policeman, shooting it out with the FBI? I couldn't quite fit the two images together. Nothing about the quiet, earnest youth I had know in my old South Philadelphia neighborhood allowed me to accept his metamorphosis into Imari Abubakari Obadele, cop killer (even a cop killer in Mississippi). The first black dean at Harvard or Yale, yes. A murderer, no. Yet there it was in the *Times*. I wondered what kinds of experiences convince a middle-class black, product of an integrationist background, to risk his life to establish a separate black "nation" in cracker-ridden Mississippi.

The question kept haunting me in the following months, and recently I decided to try to search out an answer. That decision began a journey that carried me into three states and across three decades, on a personal tour through the dilemmas and contradictions of the contemporary black Amer-

Ernest Dunbar, a former senior editor of Look *magazine, is presently a free-lance writer based in New York City.*

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ican psyche. For if Richard Henry's solutions are not yet those of most blacks—and I believe they are not—they *do* mirror the deepening resentment over the persistence of racial injustice in this country felt by an increasing number of them. And if Richard Henry was on the leading edge of black discontent, he was, nevertheless, symptomatic of a widening disbelief among blacks—especially young ones—that they will ever enjoy full citizenship in white America.

In recent years I had followed Richard Henry's career largely through occasional newspaper articles about his activities. I knew that he had changed his name—many black nationalists drop their Anglo-Saxon "slave name" to take on some African-derived identity—and I knew that he and his older brother Milton had moved to Detroit and had formed the Republic of New Africa there. At the start of my investigation I looked over old newspaper clips that reported the founding of the RNA in Detroit in 1968 during a conference of black nationalists from across the country. A *Times* story from January 1970, datelined Detroit, further stated that "the Republic of New Africa, a militant black group headquartered here, has split, with factions forming behind each of the two brothers who created it. Although the organization is small, it has received wide publicity because of the following: Its demand that five southern states—Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina—be turned into a black republic; the murder of one Detroit policeman and the wounding of another by members of the organization; its one-time president, Robert Williams, who fled a kidnapping charge in North Carolina and traveled in Cuba and China before returning to the U.S. in September.

"The organization's founders are two Detroit area brothers, Milton Henry, also called Brother Gaidi, and Richard Henry, also called Brother Imari. Richard Henry led one faction of the Republic in a three-day conference this past week-end. But the session was boycotted by his brother, Milton, who said: 'Those who want to live under an idiotic dictatorship are welcome to leave with Imari.'"

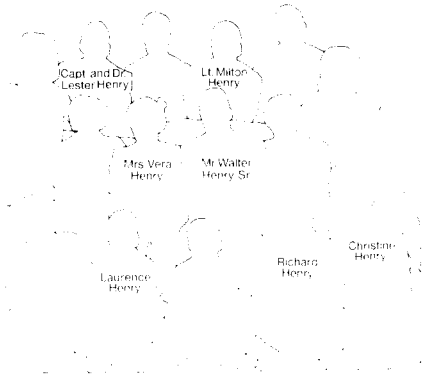
Once again the incongruity of those African names muddled the picture of the brothers as I had known them in the old neighborhood where we all grew up. In South Philadelphia during the late Thirties and early Forties blacks and whites lived next door to each other in a brief period of accommodation. The whites were mostly Italians, with a smattering of Irish; the blacks had usually migrated to Philadelphia from the South in the 1920s. Although the neighborhood had not yet become totally black, it was clear even then that the white stragglers would soon move to the all-white neighborhoods that began a few blocks away.

My friends and I often talked about what we might someday become. Jake Groves wanted to be a novelist and lugged around a thick, but unfinished, manuscript from which he would read to us. Bill Smith, Richard Henry, and I all wanted to be journalists on some big newspaper or magazine, though we knew the doors were completely shut on blacks in that field. As he entered manhood, Jake Groves, who, we all felt, was a hell of a fine writer, cracked up and went into a mental institution. Bill Smith, drafted into the army in World War II, stayed on in France after his discharge and wrote several novels (under his full name of William Gardner Smith), one of which, *The Last of the Conquerors*, was well received. Smith never did resettle in the United States and today works in Paris for Agence France Presse. After studying journalism at Temple University, I left Philadelphia for New York, where eventually I became a senior editor at *Look*. Richard Henry, younger than the rest of us, tried his hand at short stories but didn't seem firmly pointed in any direction, unless it was to follow his older brother Milton to law school.

The odds against any of us making something of ourselves were rather heavy. The blacks of South Philadelphia were hard-working people with little money and narrow horizons. In the lean years of the Thirties and Forties a job in the post office made a black man a citizen of substance; Pullman porters were similarly advantaged. Most of our fathers did brute work as stevedores, handymen, and day laborers.

The City of Brotherly Love did not have much of that emotional commodity to expend on its blacks, whose numbers grew during the wartime boom. As the pressures of manpower shortages allowed a few blacks into industry, the

"My parents had taught us to love this country," Milton Henry explained, "that black people had never been traitors, that we had always been of service to this nation—so I had *enlisted*."



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Italians, Irish, Welsh, and Poles, grudgingly and with considerable friction, moved over on the assembly lines. The city fathers, alarmed by the increase of black students at midtown Central High School, then rated one of the nation's best, transplanted the all-male school and its top faculty off to a brand-new facility in what was then an all-white neighborhood. It was a classic example of officially promulgated segregation, northern style, against which blacks would still be contending thirty years later.

The decrepit midtown building, part of which had been condemned as structurally unsafe and closed off, was rechristened Benjamin Franklin High and became overwhelmingly black. So when Bill Smith and I got to high school in the early Forties, we went to old Ben Franklin. But there were a few guys from the neighborhood who decided to attend Central, even though that meant getting up earlier for a much longer subway ride and entering a neighborhood that patently would rather not have had them there. The Henry brothers had been among this group.

While all eleven of the Henry kids were what black folks call "strivers" (an older brother of Milton's and Richard's is now head of the Department of Medicine at Howard University's Freedmen's Hospital; a younger one, Laurance, is a minister in West Philadelphia; another brother is a high-ranking post office official; while one of their sisters, Christine, is principal of Philadelphia's Overbrook Elementary School), it was dashing Milton Henry who caught the neighborhood's imagination when I was a teen-ager. On the eve of World War II Milton broke off his studies at all-black Lincoln University in Oxford, Pennsylvania, to enlist in the army. After attending officers candidate school, he became a fighter pilot in the new all-black 99th Pursuit Squadron, the segregated American flying unit created in the midst of a war against *German* racism after an NAACP lawsuit forced the army to lift its ban on black pilots. We felt a swell of pride on the block when the Philadelphia *Tribune* and the *Independent*, the city's black weekly papers, carried a picture of Lieutenant Henry along with others in the (for us) glamorous 99th. What we had not known was that Milton had been fighting racism in the army virtually from the moment he enlisted.

Recently I flew to Detroit to talk to Milton Henry, now a prosperous attorney, about the road that took him from South Philly to the predominantly white suburban community of Bloomfield, via his disenchantment with the Republic of New Africa. Guided by a list of appointments given to me over the phone by his wife, Marilyn, I caught up with Milton in downtown Detroit's modern Recorder's Court Building. The first thing one notices upon entering the courtrooms is that almost all the people waiting to be tried—as well as the spectators—are black. The judges, bailiffs, and other court personnel are, with few exceptions, white.

In this white-ruled legal bastion Milton Henry stands out for reasons other than the color of his skin. Sporting a wine-colored knit suit, a wide maroon tie, and a maroon-and-white-striped shirt, his black Afro peppered with gray, he strode with an air of authority from one hearing room to another. The courtroom types treated him with deference, and he, in turn, was affable and correct with them.

As we drove toward Bloomfield in his worn Cadillac, I asked Milton about his army experiences. "My parents had taught us that if you just got yourself together, if you were prepared academically, everything would be all right," he said with a sardonic laugh. "Well, in the army I finally understood that everything was *not* going to be all right, no matter what *we* did. The first day I arrived down at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama, I got into trouble. I was wearing civvies, after a day in town, and a buddy and I caught the bus back to the base. We got on at Alabama State University in an all-black area when the bus was empty, and we sat down near the front. But when we got to the center of town, a lot of whites boarded the bus, and I noticed that everybody started looking at us—my buddy Lucas and I. Then lo and behold, the bus driver actually turned and said, 'You niggers move to the back of the bus!' I just *boiled*. I couldn't move, I was immobilized. It's not that I was militant. I just could not do it. Luke got up and moved back, and there I was, gritting my teeth and looking straight ahead. Finally, when he said it again, I found myself walking up to him, like a zombie, and saying, 'Give me my nickel back.' He gave it to me, and all of a sudden everything just went red and I said, 'I ought to punch you right in your goddam mouth!' And before I could stop myself, I *had* punched this guy in the mouth.

"I didn't know it, but bus drivers had police powers down there. The next thing I knew, this cat had gone under his seat, and I saw this shiny object coming up and I grabbed for it. We started tussling over that gun, and we tussled out onto the street—I wasn't *about* to let that character get that gun on me and I couldn't turn him loose. The people on the bus were just sitting there, shocked into silence. The only thing that kept me from getting shot was that I would not let him go, and soon some British air cadets who were training nearby came up and told him, 'Leave him alone, leave him alone.'

"When I got back to the base, they put *me* in the brig! They said I had caused a disturbance downtown. The commandant sent a black guy—a guy from down there—over to tell me how to act in the South. I gathered then that the army was not interested in protecting its black soldiers, our manhood. And I was there ready to give my life. My parents had taught us to love this country, that black people had never been traitors, that we had always been of service to this nation—so I had *enlisted*.

"Finally, we were sent up here to Selfridge, Michigan, and they wouldn't let black officers into the officers' club or black noncoms into the noncoms' club, and they wanted to set up these little, dinky facilities for us. How could you fight with doubts in your mind about whether your country would *ever* really appreciate what you were trying to do, whether you would ever *really* be accepted?

"After a number of other incidents the army brought me up for court-martial, charging me with 'failing to report for duty'—they'd kept a log of the minutes I was late getting to the flightline, which was something they never did with anybody else—and 'conduct unbecoming an officer.' I had had a talk with my commanding officer in which he discussed historical perspective. He said I couldn't make changes in the army all by myself, that I ought to go along with the crowd. I replied that I didn't think that squared with historical truth, that all revolutions are created by historical minorities, and that I felt I *would* be able to make effective changes. But that wound up in the charges as my saying that 'someday I would be in a position to dictate to him' and that's where the 'conduct unbecoming an officer' came from!"

As we sped down the highway, Milton Henry's memories of those years flooded back. "After the army I went back to finish up at Lincoln University. Then I applied to Temple's law school and was turned down because of the 'other than honorable' discharge. So I applied to Yale. The tuition then was eighteen hundred dollars, and I didn't know where the hell I was going to get eighteen hundred dollars. But when I went up to talk to the dean, he told me, 'No one ever leaves Yale because of *money*.' I looked at him in complete surprise. 'The question is,' he said, 'whether you really want to go to law school. If you do, we'll find a way.' I told him I really wanted to go, and I did."

We stopped at the spacious, well-

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appointed Henry home in exclusive Bloomfield to pick up Marilyn Henry for lunch. We went down to a paneled recreation room in the basement, where he put some Quincy Jones and Aretha on the stereo. Henry went upstairs to see whether his wife was ready to go to lunch, and I eased back in my chair, half-listening to the good sounds while recollecting one of the last times in my youth when I had seen him, thinking how different the surroundings were then.

In the summer of 1948, while he was still at Yale, he had come back to our old South Philadelphia neighborhood. Though the "war to make the world safe for democracy" had been over some three years, the U.S. Army was still a segregated institution. At that time black civil rights activists A. Philip Randolph and Bayard Rustin founded an organization called the League for a Non-Violent Civil Disobedience to a Segregated Army, and they named Milton to organize its Philadelphia chapter. With his characteristic vigor he set up booths where young blacks could sign petitions stating that they would refuse to serve in a segregated military and went about the community in a sound truck with Richard—then only eighteen—at his side, urging us to reject our draft notices. That may sound like tame stuff today, but in the world of 1948 it seemed like a shocking heresy even to blacks. The FBI came into the neighborhood, questioning people about Milton Henry and his younger brother.

Ultimately hundreds of Philadelphia blacks signed the petitions, and when one of them was called up in the draft (the only one of the signers who was called), a legal suit was filed on his behalf. But before the case came to court President Truman issued an executive order banning racial segregation in the armed forces.

In 1950 Milton Henry graduated with honors from Yale Law School and took the Pennsylvania bar examination. He failed. To the aspiring young blacks of South Philly, it was an old story. We knew that the Philadelphia post office was full of black law school graduates who had "failed" the bar exam. Only a small trickle ever got through that sieve. Most, discouraged, gave up. The exam included essay questions and an oral section that called upon the examiners to make personal judgments about the applicants. It also required an applicant's photograph and biographical data, so that blacks were clearly identifiable. Thus, year after disappointing year, outstanding black graduates of some of the nation's best law schools were screened out.

After he failed to enter the Pennsylvania bar, Milton Henry moved to Pontiac, Michigan, passed the Michigan bar exam, and began practicing law in that state. "When I got out here in 1950," Henry began telling me as we drove to a fashionable suburban restaurant, "I became involved with the problems of the black community. I filed a suit on behalf of my daughter to integrate the Pontiac school system soon after I arrived. Well, it took twenty-one years for them to agree with the principle, but the point is you get involved and you begin to work within the political structure." Henry described his six years on the Pontiac City Commission as a frustrating time. "I expected some corruption, but I also expected to be able to make real changes because I was within the structure. But then I found that I was just one vote among seven and that, when I wanted to get votes I needed for my projects, they wanted *me* to compromise on important things. I found there were people on that commission being paid for liquor licenses, street construction, all sorts of things. The problems I ran into were just too big, and so I resigned. This political thing is just so goddamn *corrupt*!"

As if to shake off that gloomy thought, Milton Henry, the ex-P-40 pilot, opened the throttle of the Caddy. "I'm only going sixty" he assured Marilyn, who cautioned him from the back seat about speeding. "I'm under the limit." Harking back momentarily to his World War II days in the 99th Pursuit Squadron, Henry said: "They tried to tell us we couldn't fly well. Hell, two things niggers *can* do is fly and drive!"

Perhaps it was Milton Henry's exuberance, perhaps the fine appointments of the suburban steak house, but throughout our lunch I could not help thinking of Richard Henry, locked in a tiny maximum-security cell in a Hinds County, Mississippi, jail—and of the hidden pressures that prompted two seemingly inseparable brothers along such divergent paths. Although the Henrys had worked closely together over the years, they had always had very different personalities. "Richard is not that good an orator," their younger brother Laurance had explained to me when I visited him in Philadelphia. "He's more of a low-keyed talker, the kind of guy who's very persuasive on a one-to-one basis. He convinces you with his logic, not with the overwhelming power of his voice like a lot of other black leaders. Richard is an organizer, and Milton is not. Milton can lead after the ground work is done, but Richard is the guy who gets out and brings the people in. He has the kind of dedication that it takes to convince people, over and over again. Milton, on the other hand, is a powerful speaker and has the ability to move masses of people. Milton is glamorous—Yale grad, former pilot, brilliant criminal lawyer—and he cuts quite a figure on the platform. Richard's physically smaller—maybe five eight, and he's now down to an incredible one hundred twenty-nine pounds in jail, he tells us—whereas Milton is about five ten and one hundred eighty-five pounds. Milton could always afford better clothes—even if he wears a dashiki, it's an authentic dashiki, an elaborate one, whereas Richard's would probably have been made for him by some local 'sister.' Richard would chug up to a meeting in a beat-up old station wagon with the wheels falling off, while Milton would roll up in a Cadillac or Buick, even if it was not new."

Despite such basic differences of temperament and style, Milton Henry has been the single greatest influence in his younger brother's life. As one of the Henrys' sisters, Christine, told me: "Milton and Richard were very close, and some of the things that happened to Milton affected Richard a great deal. When Milton came out of the army with that 'other' discharge, even some of the friends he asked to sponsor his application to law school refused. And when Milton took the bar exam here in Pennsylvania, they wouldn't post his grades. He had to go for an interview, and they asked him pointedly if he would promise not to fight any civil rights cases in the state. He refused. And our supposition was that he must have passed. We all knew about these things, but they affected Richard the most. He's very sensitive."

Richard clearly looked upon Milton with a special reverence, and, to some degree, it could be said that he lived in his brother's shadow. After studying at the University of Ottawa and at Temple, Richard moved to Detroit in 1952 at Milton's urging. There he worked for several years as a reporter for the Michigan *Chronicle*, a black weekly, and then as managing editor of a short-lived weekly that Milton helped finance.

Like Milton, Richard had been active in civil rights organizations since his youth, and, like his brother, he did not suffer racial injustice lightly. In 1959, while traveling as a civilian writer for the U.S. Air Force information office, he was ordered out of the "white" waiting room at the Greenville, South Carolina, municipal airport. With the assistance of the NAACP (his counsel was Jack Greenberg, now director of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund), Richard Henry sued Greenville officials in federal court. Though a district judge ruled against him, he won the case on appeal. "That case, along with a few others we were fighting," Greenberg recalled recently, "helped bring about an end to the segregation of interstate travel facilities."

Working together, the Henry brothers helped form several civil rights organi-

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zations in the Detroit black community. One of these, the Group On Advanced Leadership (GOAL), organized in 1961, successfully used consumer boycotts to improve the situation of black employees and to step up sales of black manufactured products in chain stores doing business in the ghetto, as well as in persuading several banking institutions to hire blacks. GOAL also instituted suits against the Detroit police, alleging brutality against blacks, and although the campaign against police ill-treatment was less successful, it did alter some of the worst practices of the police in the black community.

In 1963 Richard Henry lodged a complaint with the Detroit school superintendent about an eighth-grade history text that he condemned for its failure to acknowledge the contribution of African nations, removing his son from class to protest the book. GOAL threatened a citywide boycott. The school officials, agreeing that the book "lacked balance," added two supplementary chapters. Three years later Henry withdrew a daughter from her ninth-grade class in a similar dispute involving another history book, and again a supplementary text was added in Detroit schools.

By the mid 1960s the mood of the Henrys, and of the black organizations that they were involved with, began to shift. Although there had been some genuine victories in the struggle against racism, they were few and far between. To some in the black movement, fighting institutional racism was like punching a pillow—when you withdrew your fist, the pillow simply swelled out again. So the quest for integration gave way to a campaign to seek black control of all institutions affecting the lives of black people—schools, police, elected officials, public services. Milton Henry had begun traveling to Africa and was impressed by things he saw there. On one of these trips he accompanied the late Malcolm X, whom the Henrys had come to know and admire.

"The thing that Malcolm kept saying—that separation is the ground for independence—I couldn't understand at first," Milton Henry had told me during my visit to Detroit. "But the more I thought about it, the more it dawned on me—particularly after I had gone to Africa and seen the new governments there, like Ghana's. Guys I'd gone to school with at Lincoln—Africans—were in positions of power. I saw them sitting in their offices making decisions, and I realized that I had never made a decision about *anything* of consequence, even on the city commission. I realized that the reason I hadn't and that most black people couldn't was that we really didn't have the kind of power that permits one to make a real decision and that such power could come only through independence. The more I wrote, spoke, and thought, the more I came to see that we *were* a nation. We had all the criteria: the unity of ideology, the humor, the shared experiences, the community of suffering, the common relationship to the 'master race'—everything. I remembered that when I went to law school I had looked into Roman law just out of curiosity. The thing that had stuck with me were the words from the beginning of the Justinian Code: 'The principal difference in the rights of men is this: that all men are either free or slave.' I said to myself, 'Goddamn, that's *it*!' "

Like Malcolm, the Henrys had come to see the black struggle in America as part of the struggles of other nonwhite peoples in the world. In a 1964 issue of *Now* magazine Richard wrote that "GOAL has formally rejected integration as an acceptable present objective of black people in America," but he added that "this does not necessarily mean that black people are to build a 'separate state.'" While the Henrys admired Malcolm, who was at that time still a member of the Nation of Islam, they were not prepared—then—to accept the Muslims' argument that blacks should demand territory from the U.S. government for a separate black "nation."

Malcolm's break with the Nation of Islam and his subsequent assassination in 1965 had a profound effect on the brothers, especially Richard, according to people close to them in Detroit. Like many other blacks across the country, the Henrys were not prepared to accept Malcolm's slaying as simply the act of Muslim assassins motivated solely by an internal rivalry. Malcolm's own predictions of his imminent death, as well as the failure of the New York Police Department to provide him with protection or to pursue an exhaustive investigation after his death, convinced the Henrys that other agencies had been behind the black trigger fingers in the Audubon ballroom murder.

In 1967 the Henrys helped found the Malcolm X Society in Detroit, a move that reflected their increasing frustration with the traditional modes of black activism. The society held to three principles enunciated by the late black leader: the right of blacks to defend themselves when attacked (as contrasted with Martin Luther King's nonviolent urgings), a determination to "internationalize" the black American struggle by cultivating "alliances" with Third World countries, and the demand that land in the United States be turned over to blacks for the establishment of a separate nation. In a "history" of the Republic of New Africa, written by him in 1970, Richard recalled: "The Society's analysis of black life in America concluded that black people could not integrate into America and make it a decent, non-racist society except at a cost to black people too great for us to pay. This conclusion was supported directly by the evidence of the Martin Luther King era, during which black people for ten years offered themselves as non-violent sacrifices to redeem racist whites, only to find whites in America as persistently racist in the end as in the beginning."

The year 1967 also saw the eruption of one of the worst racial conflagrations that had ever occurred in Detroit, a city with a long history of racial turbulence. Though the Henrys were not linked to the disturbances, police and FBI surveillance of them and other black activists grew tighter. Relatives of the brothers in Philadelphia and elsewhere began to experience trouble in telephoning Detroit or in receiving mail without any undue delay.

Early in 1968 the Henrys moved to add organizational substance to the philosophical framework that they had outlined for the Malcolm X Society. Richard quit his job as a writer of manuals at the U.S. Army's tank-automotive center in Warren, Michigan (his security clearance had been lifted after the 1967 riots), and went to work full-time in the black movement. He dropped the "slave name" Richard B. Henry and legally became Brother Imari Abubakari Obadele, emphasizing his African origins. (In Yoruba, a West African tongue, "imari" means "steadfast," "faithful.") Milton Henry took on the name Brother Gaidi Obadele, but his law practice continued to dominate his life.

About that time Richard, now Brother Imari, published a booklet entitled *War in America* (subtitled *The Malcolm X Doctrine*), in which he assailed the many forms of oppression of blacks by whites and called for U.S. government "reparations" for centuries of injustices inflicted upon blacks. As part of the reparations, *War in America* demanded that five southern states be turned over to blacks for the creation of the new black nation that the society had already proposed in more general terms. The booklet argued that, since blacks had been kidnapped from Africa and brought to America, they had no need to renounce American citizenship because they "legally had none, evidenced by the fact that American blacks have never been given the protection which any government must give to its true citizens and that black slaves were given no say when the Fourteenth Amendment forced 'citizenship' upon them." Why the five states named? The booklet stated that "the land we want is the land where we are," and it cited the large black

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population of those Deep South states as well as the fact that blacks have long worked and owned land there.

In March 1968 the Henrys and several hundred other black nationalists from around the country met in a Detroit motel. One hundred of them signed a "Declaration of Independence" written by Imari, thereby bringing into existence the Republic of New Africa. A "provisional government" was named, headed by Robert Williams as president-designate. Williams, a black activist who once headed the Monroe, North Carolina, NAACP, had fled to Cuba and then to China when he was sought on a kidnapping warrant that grew out of an armed confrontation between blacks and the Ku Klux Klan in 1961. Milton Henry was named first vice-president and became, in Williams's absence, the RNA's chief executive officer. Brother Imari was named the republic's minister of information. Later in 1968 the two brothers went to Tanzania to confer with Williams, who was on a visit to that country from China, and Williams accepted the presidency of the RNA.

The Republic of New Africa established branches, called "consulates," around the United States and began enrolling "citizens of record." In May 1968 Brother Imari went to Washington and handed a note to two State Department representatives, formally demanding $200 billion (later changed to $400 billion) in "damages," the aforementioned five states, and the beginnings of negotiations between the United States of America and the Republic of New Africa to satisfy these demands. The note, designed to force some sort of recognition from the government of the RNA's existence, was ignored by the State Department.

Besides setting up a governing structure, a nation must be able to protect its citizens, and toward that end the Republic of New Africa created the Black Legion, a force of blacks trained in martial arts, whose duties included guarding RNA's leaders and maintaining security at the organization's functions. On Saturday evening, March 29, 1969, more than 300 blacks from all around the country gathered at Detroit's New Bethel Baptist Church to commemorate the first anniversary of the founding of the republic. New Bethel's facilities had been made available to the Henrys by the church's pastor, the Rev. C. L. Franklin, father of soul singer Aretha Franklin.

After addressing the assembled meeting, Milton Henry left the church, escorted by a group of rifle-bearing Black Legionnaires dressed in army fatigues with leopard-skin epaulets. As he entered his car, a police squad car pulled up nearby. Its two white occupants got out and approached the entourage. What happened next is still disputed, but as Henry prepared to drive away an exchange of gunfire took place between the white cops and the Black Legionnaires. One of the policemen was killed on the spot. The other, wounded, radioed for help, and large numbers of police rapidly converged on the church. Several hundred rounds were fired into the building, which contained women and children along with the RNA conferees. Four people in the church were wounded. Brother Imari was inside the building, as was his teen-aged son, but neither was struck by the bullets. RNA members believe that the shoot-out was an attempt on Milton Henry's life by the Detroit police. Three blacks were charged with murder in the incident but were acquitted after lengthy trials.

Law enforcement agencies stepped up their surveillance of the RNA after the New Bethel affair, and in June 1969 Detroit police officials boasted before a congressional investigating committee that they had heavily infiltrated the black separatist organization. In the meantime the effort to give the black nation legitimacy continued. Milton Henry sent President Nixon a note asking for a meeting to negotiate the RNA's demands. There was no reply. Members of the republic's "cabinet," including the Henry brothers, met with several black members of Congress in an attempt to get them to use their good offices to elicit a response from the White House. But that move, too, came to nothing.

In September 1969 the republic's president-designate, Robert Williams, en route back to the United States after intricate negotiations with government officials on his behalf by Milton Henry, was arrested by British agents in London as he was about to board a TWA flight to New York. Gaidi rushed to England and, with the help of British attorneys, obtained Williams's release, only to have TWA then refuse to

"I believe," Imari wrote me, "that whites can be shown that the peaceful granting of sovereignty to a black nation in Mississippi is the simplest, cheapest, most logical way to save America for them and end the black depression for us."

RNA *members arrested after a shoot-out with the police in Jackson, Mississippi*

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honor his reservation. After the airline received telephone calls suggesting that its refusal might have unpleasant consequences, TWA changed its corporate mind and flew Williams and Henry back to the United States on a Boeing 707, in which they were the sole passengers.

The return of the Republic of New Africa's chief executive should have been the impetus for a new surge in the nascent black nation. Instead, a series of events occurred that was to cripple the movement and bring it close to extinction.

Surprisingly, Robert Williams showed a marked disinclination to involve himself in the republic's activities once he had returned to these shores. Two months after his return he resigned from his post as RNA president, saying that he now believed that "blacks can achieve complete equality only by working within the system." Increased police and FBI pressure on the group led to confusion and disruption within. For example, on one occasion phony messages were sent out over RNA officers' signatures and legitimate instructions were countermanded. Some well-known black nationalists began to draw back from the republic.

Most critical, however, was the rift that developed between the Henry brothers themselves. In part, their differences involved a disagreement about the pace and thrust of the republic. Imari believed, according to his followers, that the time had come to stop talking about establishing a black nation and to actually obtain some land in Mississippi for an RNA prototype "New Community." As long as there was no RNA physical presence, he felt, the republic would remain merely black nationalistic rhetoric and the subject of ridicule. To Milton Henry, the notion of going into the hostile state of Mississippi to set up a "nation," before blacks there had been thoroughly acquainted with the RNA's objectives and their support obtained, was premature and possibly suicidal.

Especially after the New Bethel incident Imari became more than ever convinced of the urgency of recruiting and training a 100,000-man defensive army across the country to serve as a "deterrent" against attacks on the republic by its enemies, including those who operated under the color of the law. For Milton Henry, the attorney, the existence of a large military force posed hazards he felt the RNA could hardly afford.

When I talked with him in Detroit, Milton Henry had voiced his concern that the RNA had begun to attract black youths who were more interested in some sort of physical confrontation with the authorities than in the persistent, painstaking, day-to-day work of nation building. "You cannot take over any state by force," he explained. You have to really go in and mobilize voters, to take over office after office, township after township, county after county, borough after borough, city after city—*then*, if you have the people with you, you begin to make fundamental inroads that are realistic in terms of the power relationships."

After a protracted struggle inside the RNA the dispute between the brothers surfaced in Detroit newspapers late in 1969, when Milton Henry "suspended" Imari, then the republic's minister of defense and a regional vice-president—an action that Imari called unconstitutional. Blocs of supporters formed around the two antagonists.

Though Imari tried to discount the idea that he and his brother had really split, he was voted president of the RNA in March 1970 in an election that Milton Henry denounced and boycotted. Milton then dropped out of the RNA picture, still claiming he was the legitimate head of the movement. Two months later Imari and a group of his followers moved to New Orleans, where they opened an office. In the fall of 1970, pursuing his plan to create a black republic in the South, he and his aides entered into a verbal agreement with Lofton Mason, a black farmer, for the purchase of twenty acres of farmland in Hinds County, twenty-five miles outside Jackson, Mississippi. The news that the RNA was about to settle in Mississippi sent shock waves through that Deep South state.

In March 1971 an advance party of RNA members traveling in Hinds County was arrested by Mississippi police on numerous charges, including possession of marijuana, speeding, running a red light, and possessing concealed weapons. A few days later 150 RNA members, including Brother Imari, drove in a motor caravan to the Mason land, followed by Mississippi highway patrolmen, sheriff's officers, and police. There, while two dozen rifle-bearing members of the republic (possession of unconcealed weapons is both legal and common in Mississippi) took up positions on the property, a groundbreaking ceremony was held. Dressed in dungarees and a denim jacket, President Imari announced: "More than one hundred years ago our people were chased from this area, and we are back." He said that the property would become the site of an RNA school, hospital, and executive office building, and assured his listeners that the Republic of New Africa was nonviolent and would be operated within the law.

In the spring of 1971, after Mississippi Attorney General A. F. Sumner wrote U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell that RNA's activities "appear to be in the nature of an armed insurrection against not only the state of Mississippi but the United States of America," Mississippi police began arresting RNA members on various charges. On August 8, 1971, Imari himself was jailed briefly after a reporter had filed assault charges against him following a press conference at RNA's Jackson headquarters. The reporter claimed that Imari and an aide had thrown him out of the building because he refused to rise when Imari entered the room.

Meanwhile, the verbal deal that Imari had negotiated with the black farmer, Lofton Mason, came unstuck. Mason had come under heavy pressure for selling his land to the separatists—he acknowledges that FBI agents called on him and tried to dissuade him from making the sale—and the RNA failed to come up with the entire sum agreed upon as the down payment. So Mason called the deal off. In August 1971, after a Republic of New Africa "people's court," held in a black church in Jackson, found his client "guilty" of "fraud," Mason's attorney filed a $1-million suit against Imari and the RNA, alleging slander and harassment.

Then, shortly after dawn on August 18, a combined force of twenty FBI agents and some eighteen local police surrounded the RNA's Lewis Street headquarters in Jackson. The FBI agents had a warrant for one Jerry Steiner, wanted in a Michigan slaying, while the Jackson police had misdemeanor warrants for three other persons. The heavily armed lawmen, bearing riot guns, called out over a loudspeaker that the occupants of the house would have sixty seconds to come out. When no one appeared, a member of the besieging party fired a tear-gas projectile through a window. (An RNA defendant was later to testify that it sounded like a shotgun blast.) That was answered by a fusillade of bullets from the house, and after a twenty-minute battle, during which police brought up an armored vehicle to aid them in their assault, the seven persons in the house surrendered. Lt. Louis Skinner, chief of Jackson's police intelligence unit, was killed in the shoot-out, and an FBI agent and a second Jackson policeman were wounded. None of the occupants of the house were killed or wounded. The wanted man, Steiner, had not been in the house.

While the gun battle was taking place on Lewis Street, another raiding party surrounded a house on Lynch Street, five blocks away and across from all-black Jackson State College, where two students had been killed and eleven wounded when Mississippi troopers fired on a dormitory during a student protest in 1970. At the Lynch Street address Imari and three other RNA members surrendered quietly to the raiders.

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Although Imari was not present at the Lewis Street shoot-out, he was nevertheless charged with being part of a "conspiracy" to murder, with assault on a federal officer, and with violation of an ancient Mississippi "treason" law, punishable by death. And while the three other persons arrested with him at the Lynch Street house have been released on modest bail, the RNA president, awaiting trial in Mississippi state court, remains locked in a maximum-security cell in the Hinds County jail in Jackson under bail amounting to $75,000. To date, two of the RNA members arrested at the site of the shoot-out have been convicted. Both were given life sentences.

Recently I flew to Jackson to try to talk with Imari. When I arrived, I called first on John C. Brittain, Jr., a young, bearded black attorney who heads the team of lawyers defending Imari and the other imprisoned RNA members.

Brittain, who looks like a graduate student and dresses in jeans and a tweed jacket with tie, ran down the legal issues involved in the RNA case, then talked about the organization's impact on the local black community. "Blacks here were very apprehensive of the RNA because they saw the shooting incident as an extension of the police versus black militant confrontation to the South. Moreover, they really didn't know what the RNA was all about, but they knew from the massive press coverage that the white establishment was against it. For that reason they were unwilling to come out and learn about the RNA and certainly unwilling to support it. But when the incident occurred, they viewed it as another case of head-beating and ass-kicking by the police against black folk—just another example of Mississippi injustice. From that point on, black people here have not dealt with it in terms of support of the RNA in general but rather in terms of support of their own legal rights. Now there is, I would say, a kind of affirmative support of what the RNA is doing—not their program for land and all that, which I still don't think people here understand, but the feeling that they're glad *somebody* is giving back to the police what the police give them."

I asked Brittain about my chances of getting into the jail to see Imari. "That's impossible," he said. "They only allow members of the family and his attorneys. Recently Representative Ronald Dellums [D.-Calif.] was here, and even with his congressional credentials and all that they wouldn't let *him* in." Brittain suggested that I might give him any questions I wanted to ask Imari and he would see that Imari got them.

A few days later, still without having received Imari's replies, I headed back to New York. When I returned to my apartment there, a reply from Imari was waiting for me. In response to my question about the origins of the break between his brother and himself, he wrote: "In my opinion it was fundamentally a struggle between those who are really serious about the acquisition of land and independence and those whose main objective is to wear the trappings of land revolutionaries and pursue their revolutionary 'work' largely at cocktail parties and nonproductive rallies 'up-South.' We who moved the center of the struggle to the South have been true to the revolution. It is not necessarily a virtue to be nondeviationist; in fact, we in the RNA government are constantly ready to change *anything* in our theory or methods that experience shows needs changing. But the fact is, we have seen no reason to deviate from the essential process for liberation outlined in *War in America* in 1967, upon which the Government of New Africa was founded—and we are continuing to follow that essential process. There are those who have proved false to the revolution, but none of them are now in the Government of the Republic of New Africa."

Imari acknowledged that the RNA had failed to come up on time with the full down payment for the Lofton Mason land and accepted the responsibility, as RNA's leader, for that failure. But he denied that the organization ever intended to take the black farmer's land without compensation, attributing this misconception to persistent distortion of the organization's activities by the mass media. He also attacked the white mass media for pushing such notions as "black capitalism" as a solution to America's racial problems: "It is either political/economic idiocy or old-time fraud to suggest that, by promoting black enterprise within the U.S. system, we can in any foreseeable future end either the tragedy of the black poor (one-third of all our families) or the frustration of the black middle class—the 43 per cent of our families who are not poverty-level but who do not earn over $10,000 a year. It is sheer madness to zero in on minimum wage or guaranteed income or increased welfare as *answers* to the black economic/social depression (they may, however, be necessary temporary expediencies). It is absolute Alice-in-Wonderland thinking for black economists to sit around looking at a danger-laden U.S. dollar, the continuing U.S. budget deficits, and the solidification of the European economic community, with all that means for U.S. economic fortunes—and plan on getting our proportional 'share' of the American economy by the year 2000."

What is Imari's solution? He replied: "We blacks have never been able to get anything from America in the past unless whites somehow thought it benefited them. I believe that whites in the North—who attribute all kinds of things to blacks, from the high cost of welfare to busing to the 'loss' of cities like New York—can be shown that the peaceful granting of sovereignty to a black nation in Mississippi, *even* a black nation whose economics are cooperative, is the simplest, cheapest, most logical way to 'save America' *for them* (something they do care about) and end the black depression for us (something they do not really care about)."

Though Imari took pains to delineate the RNA's position toward the disputed Mason land, he added: "I must emphasize that the business of establishing a nation—of establishing *sovereignty*—has little to do with 'buying' land. One does not 'buy' one's way to sovereignty. What we are doing in Mississippi at the present time is organizing a plebiscite, hopefully covering about twenty-five black counties lying along the Mississippi River from Memphis to the Louisiana border. We call this 'the Kush District.' The plebiscite is designed to declare this area free and independent by popular vote, its people New African, its sovereignty New African. This is the legal framework in which we operate."

I had also asked Imari what he thought now of the viability of the Republic of New Africa in the hostile South. He answered: "If this question implies that I or any of us did not know the South is hostile, that is absurd. If it implies that being in jail, being shot at, or living with the constant knowledge our premature violent death has been vowed by whites who hate us for the very thought of independence has changed us, that notion is [an] error. We are convinced that we shall succeed. *I* am convinced, moreover, that the Lord is veritably with us as at all times. He walks with some men and people to bring about the season of truth. At present New African workers are attempting to bring to the people on the land, the people of Kush, the powerful vision of their destiny: that here we shall bring about the means to real freedom, independence, and prosperity for all *our* people. Shortly we shall be engaged in holding people's assemblies, and within months we expect to hold elections to create a Congress of Reparations Commissioners, this area's first real elected body of blacks. From that point it is but a step to the plebiscite. I know this is just a beginning. There are always new questions. How do we *make* the United States accept the results of the plebiscite? Let's talk about that next time.

FREE THE LAND, brother!
(signed) *Brother Imari*" □

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IT'S TIME FOR

THE NEW ETIQUETTE

by Raymond Sokolov

Everyone agrees that morals have changed a lot lately, that virgin brides went out of fashion in the late Sixties, that women are men—although less practiced at smoking cigars—that rags are chic, profanity honest, and old-fashioned good manners a relic of elitist deceit and of sexism from the past.

The next step, now that the old etiquette is out of date, is to establish new rules of conduct. It is high time, especially during this high party-giving season, to rewrite Emily Post and get on with the happy work of living the New Morality properly and well.

The trouble is that the first principle of the way we live now is nonintervention, also known as letting people do their thing. And so the new etiquette cannot be like the old. It cannot be a rigid code with exact provisions about where to put fish knives or how to address bishops.

Instead, neo-etiquette must allow for many views, many ways of feeling. Manners, after all, exist not to force us all into the same strict pattern but to help each individual pattern to fit smoothly with the rest. Here are eight situations drawn from real life and some suggestions for living through them sensibly.

Raymond Sokolov is the food editor of the New York Times.

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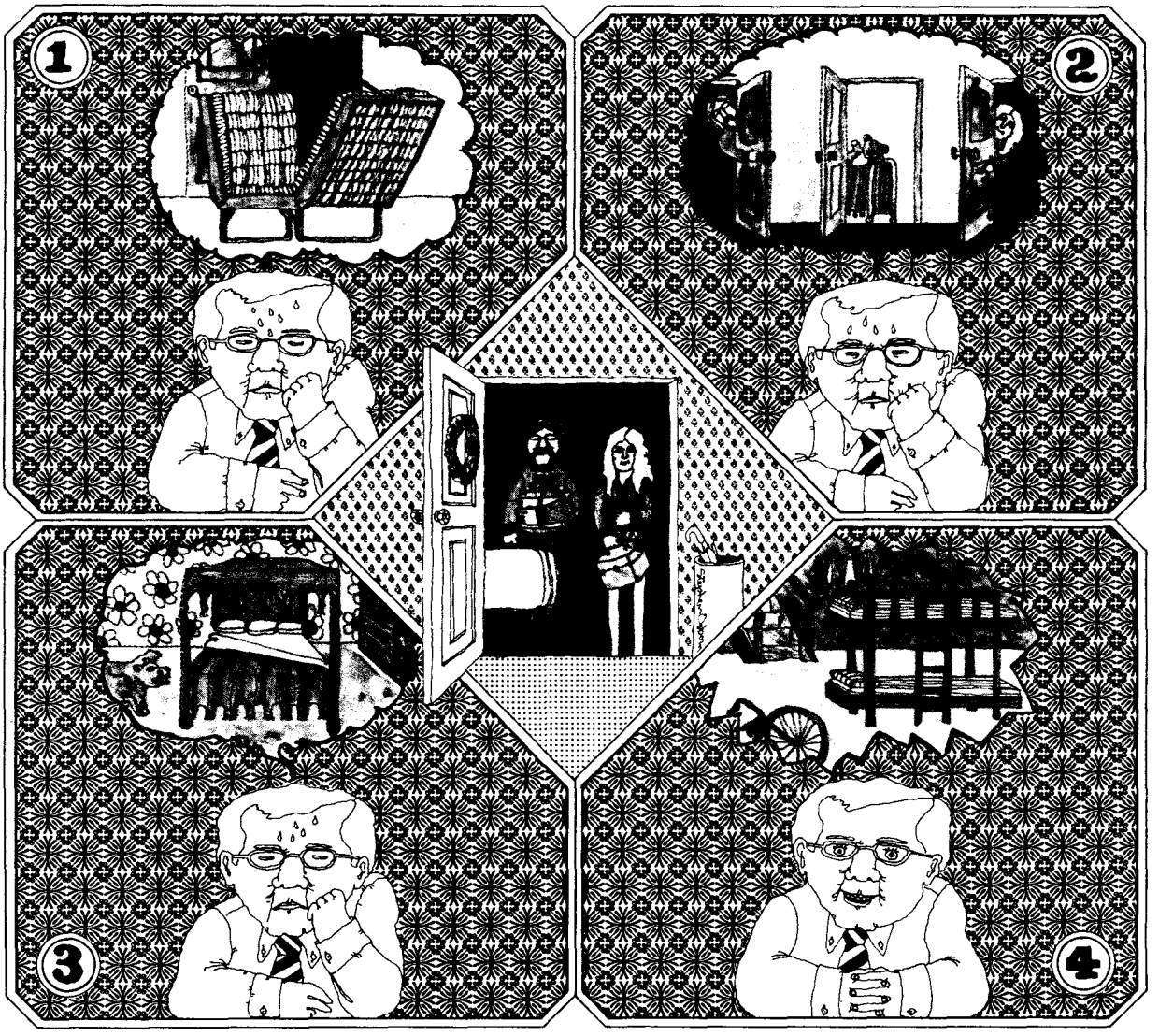

BEDDING THE UNWED

Sally Trull and Herb Clinch drive up to your rose-covered cottage in his old Volks and start unloading their bags for a weekend visit. Herb works with you at the recording studio. Sally went to school with your wife. They met a month ago at your apartment and have been seeing a lot of each other ever since. Where do you put their bags?

Together, in the guest room? Wait a minute, why are you assuming right off the bat that they want to sleep together? In separate rooms, then? But if they do want to sleep together, should you inflict this inconvenience on them, just for the sake of appearances? How in the world are you going to handle this situation without asking a very personal question you would probably not ask under any other circumstances?

The best solution is to put those bags in the front hall and dodge the issue for a minute. And if Herb is as clever as you've always thought, he'll seize the opportunity and say: "I'll put these bags in your guest room. Can you show me where it is?"

Or Sally might offer a cue to solitary slumber by saying: "I might as well unpack. Where do you want me to sleep?"

It really is Herb's responsibility or Sally's to resolve the big quandary. After all, it's their secret—and they can't keep it past bedtime anyway.

None of this artful dodging would be necessary, of course, if you had cleared this all up with Herb at the time you invited him (or your wife could have done it with Sally). This does involve a prying question, but you can muffle it by saying: "We've only got one extra bedroom, but the couch folds out, if you don't mind."

The point is to make the guests decide and to let you know what they have in mind. Don't do what I did once in an excess of would-be liberated hosting and install two platonic friends, willy-nilly, in the same bed. They felt too awkward to come out and say they weren't making it and wanted separate quarters. And so they spent a chaste night together, and it was several weeks before one of them finally confided that our well-intentioned hospitality had gone a bit too far.

If, on the other hand, you are one of those people who feel strongly against and will not permit illicit cohabiting to go on under your roof, you may end up losing some friends. Forcing lovers apart purely for the sake of appearances is small-minded and, ultimately, impolite.

Illustration by Stephen Osborn

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ABREAST OF THE TIMES

Selma Bodice suckles her new baby in the living room, where everyone is having demitasses. Should a nursing mother retire to the bedroom to give her infant suck? Should she have to remove herself from adult conversation to keep from exposing her breasts (actually, only one, if you think about it)?

Two things are at issue here: 1) the question of modesty; 2) the question of whether women ought to pay special social penalties because they are women.

History appears to be on the side of the bared nipple. More and more women are breast feeding. Most of them feel relaxed in their own minds about doing so. And they argue forcefully that guests who blush at the sight of a natural and beautiful act that is enshrined in art are more childish than an unweaned infant.

On the other hand, this is a breast-fixated society. Public breast feeding can have undeniable erotic effects and/or exhibitionistic motives. Accordingly, few women would breast feed on the subway. And even breast feeding at parties is necessarily something only crusaders will want to go ahead with at this moment. But etiquette dictates that, since the excuse for bringing nursing out into the open is that it is a natural act, it should be carried out naturally, without fanfare or discussion. And guests should behave naturally, too, as if nothing unusual were afoot.

The other defense of public nursing is that women should not have to miss out on thirty minutes of their own Saturday night because of mammary shame. This is a strong argument.

Mutatis mutandis, it applies to women in the kitchen as well. Cooking is not shameful. Guests should not be kept busy in another room with cocktails, while Kiki Farnsworth struggles in privacy with the *râble de lièvre à la royale*. It is bad manners to say you don't care about talking to your hostess until dinner is served. It is stupid not to take an interest in the preparation of your dinner. It is archaic to regard the kitchen as a slave's quarters. Hostess cooks should welcome guests at stoveside. Most cooks drink anyway while they work, and cocktails in the kitchen are one of the truly pleasant new features of modern life. It is also good manners to offer to give a hand.

Illustration by Marvin Mattelson

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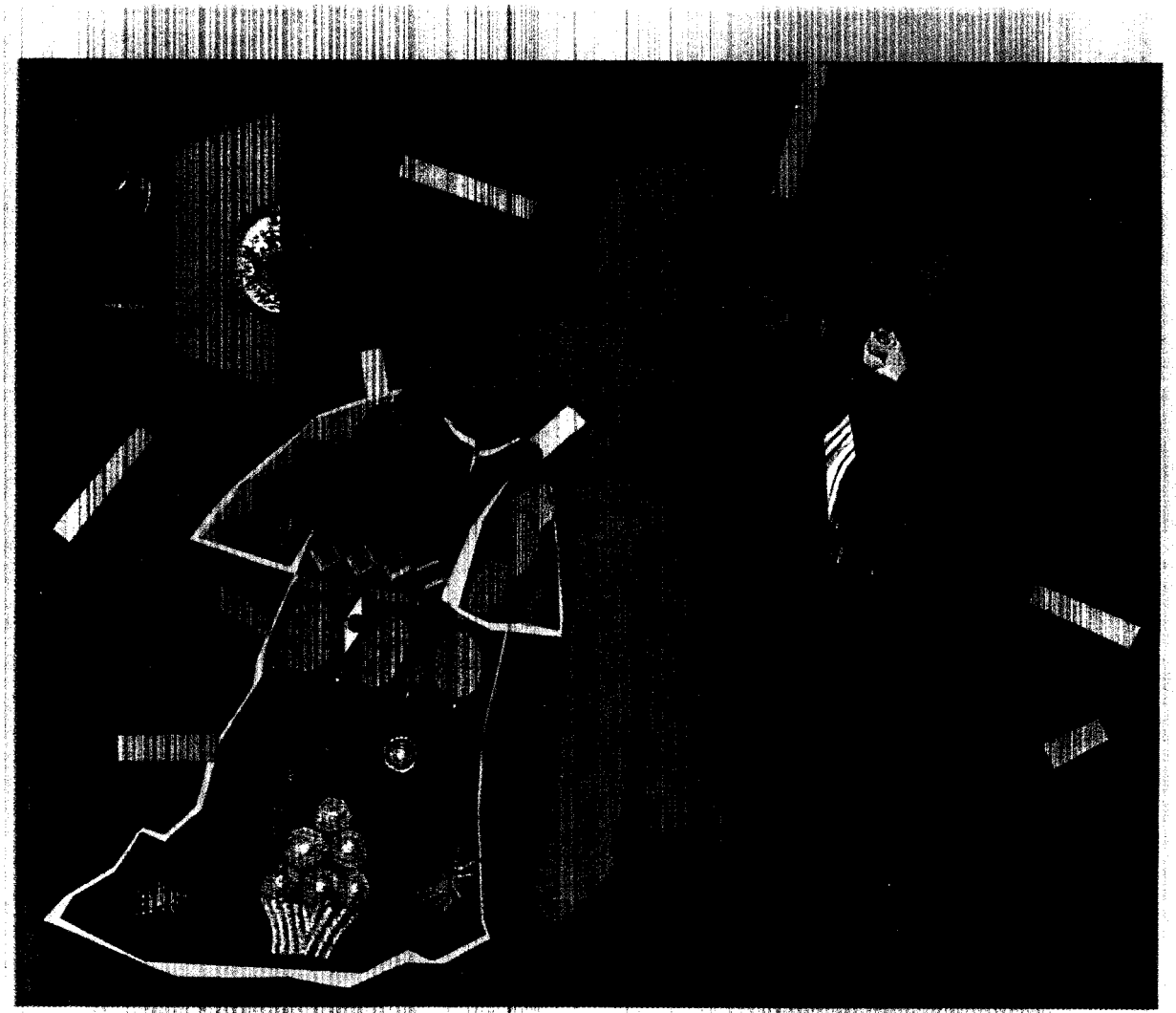

CLOTHES LINES

Chez Théophraste refuses to seat Groucho Fogarty because he is wearing a dashiki instead of a coat and tie. Also, Shulamith Fogarty has on jeans and a halter. Is it right for anyone anymore to dictate someone else's dress? And if anyone does, should we feel obligated to take him or her or them seriously?

No and yes. Restaurants that insist on obsolete forms of dress are obsolete themselves. Their rules are absurd and exist for the benefit of people too old to apply successfully for life insurance. Until these people all die and those restaurants all go broke, however, it is wise to inquire about dress rules when you make your reservation. You are likely to go hungry otherwise. If you feel strongly that a tie will strangle your sense of personal freedom, avoid restaurants that require such neckwear.

At private affairs in private homes it makes no difference what you wear these days. Virtually no one tells his guests how to be clad anymore. And guests show up in what appeals to them. This is a fine trend and should be encouraged.

Places of business are something else again. These, more than any other area of society (with the exception of marcescent enclaves like upper-class men's clubs and the Foreign Service), remain preserves of strict dress codes. In offices that the public does not normally enter dress rules are a form of employee regimentation with no other justification than discipline. There is, however, something, though not much, to the theory that conservative clothes should be worn by professional people who meet the general public in their work.

Morticians, for example, should always wear dark suits and ties.

Illustration by Joyce Fitzgerald

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WHEN NOT TO SAY ----

George Crotte says s - - t in front of Susan Witherspoon and a lot of other people. Is that nice? Should four-letter wordage still be restricted to the barracks or locker room, or has it simply turned into plain language that can be used in both mixed and polite company?

Before, let's say, 1955, George would not have casually slipped certain four-, ten-, and twelve-letter words into normal conversation, most certainly not during a cocktail-party chat with Sue. It wasn't done.

Today many people and publications have stopped censoring their language. Think of the last time you heard or saw the word "obscenity" used in place of the obscenity itself.

Yet a double standard survives, and you should feel your way in each new place, with each new person. Age and geography are important factors. Old people and people who have spent their lives away from major population centers still tend to redden at "gutter language."

Others, younger and urban—though not necessarily urbane—will perhaps find it tedious and absurd to pay any attention at all to fading prohibitions on speech. But this stance, probably correct in theory, is neither considerate nor shrewd.

Certainly, an articulate person gives up very little when he gives up earthly expletives out of a regard for the gentler sensibilities of others. Most of us instinctively restrain ourselves, also, during moments of solemnity or formality.

Though it is impossible ever to be sure who will be offended, or at least not charmed, by unbridled exhibitions of the Anglo-Saxon verbal heritage, it is probably kinder and smarter not to swear unduly in the presence of nuns, kindergarten teachers, prospective employers (except in advertising), military officers above your rank, judges, clergymen (even those who blaspheme to put others at ease), all women over forty, and all talking birds.

Those in front of whom it is advantageous to be as filthy as possible include: auto mechanics, all women between the ages of eighteen and forty, newspaper copy editors, carnival barkers, and pigeons.

Swearing is a skill not easily learned. No attempt should be made to teach young children its intricacies. They will find out very quickly for themselves that real people in real conversations have other words for coitus, vagina, penis, and caca.

But, unlike the facts about sex, plain language should be taught in furtive ways, by friends and contemporaries. Otherwise, within a generation obscene language will no longer be obscene and will have lost even the vestigial power to convey strong emotion and coarse feeling that it retains today.

Also, if parents condone cursing in the home, there may be h - - l to pay when they meet little Ferdy's teacher and the parents of his classmates at PTA meetings.

Illustration by Jerry McDonald

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POLITIC POLITICS

At a dinner party Marian Purble serves nonunion lettuce. Carter Grouse calls Marian a fink and goes home in a huff. In these times of heightened social consciousness, is it all right to insult your host or hostess because you object to some political or ideological aspect of his or her hospitality?

In this particular case Carter probably went too far. No matter how strongly you feel about Cesar Chavez and his consumer boycott aimed at forcing growers to recognize his union, you had better think twice about making a fuss over the leaves on your salad plate. And you had also better know something about lettuce. The boycott, strictly speaking, applies only to West Coast iceberg lettuce, a variety long abandoned by serious American cooks because it has so much less personality than, say, escarole or arugola. But there is even some East Coast iceberg lettuce that is not under the Chavez interdict.

In other words, look before you leap. And if gentle questioning reveals that the boycott is being violated, you then can decide whether or not to be conventionally rude and "criticize the food." Traditional manners preach that, once you have accepted someone's invitation, you give up for the duration of the event your normal right to criticize the host's hospitality.

Nevertheless, since your purpose in speaking up is essentially political, your rudeness, by any standard, lies in an entirely different category from, for example, telling the hostess with a wince that there is a disgusting amount of fat in the sauce or that her napkins are ugly and rough to the touch.

Only an idiot speaks his mind all the time. But practically nobody still thinks, as practically everybody used to do, that politics, religion, and sex should not be mentioned at table. What, one wonders, did they talk about in Granny's day?

Plunge ahead, then, but gently. The idea is to persuade, not abrade. And limit your consciousness-raising tirades to one subject per evening. Nothing is worse than an interminable sermon that runs on for a tedious, sanctimonious hour and warms over your model views (unshared or undreamt of by your hosts) on all the major issues of the day from busing children to recycling garbage. Dominating the conversation is as rude in 1972 as ever and wins no recruits for your cause. As for the lettuce, champion the boycott if you will and refuse to eat your salad if you won't, but then surrender the floor and stay around for dessert.

Illustration by Arnold Roth

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'TWAS THE NIGHT OF THE BIG CHRISTMAS OFFICE PARTY WHEN.....
...AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR XMAS, LITTLE GIRL?
RIGHT ON, SISTER!
@*%@!! BUTCH-DYKE! ... BET SHE'D LET ME CALL HER 'LITTLE GIRL'!
FREEDOM! THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR XMAS AND DON'T CALL ME 'GIRL'!!
NG!!
MERRY CHRISTMS.

CALL ME MS.!

Arthur Stork tells his secretary, Sappho Jane Grinder: "You're the best girl who's ever worked for me." Ms. Grinder retorts: "I'm no girl; I'm a woman," and splits his desk in half with a karate chop. Does the new sensitivity to sexism and ethnicity make it bad manners not to use special labels people have picked for themselves?

Office life is difficult at best. It is essential to find out how your coworkers wish to be addressed or described. From the chairperson of the board on down, each will quite properly insist on his preferred appellation. This is one area where etiquette has grown more elaborate. And, of course, these niceties are important not only in office situations but in all parts of life.

Generally speaking, all female humans old enough to ovulate should be referred to as women. Minority groups nowadays often are identified as before, except that it is increasingly *de rigueur* to attach the word "person" to the group name, as in "Indonesian person" or "Chicano person." This helps to reinforce the idea that in American society they are regarded as people like anyone else, which may be true someday. Blacks similarly are no longer called blacks in some circles but are referred to as black persons. Black persons with incomes over $25,000 a year are frequently labeled Afro-Americans.

In formal correspondence, when the sex and marital status of the addressee are unknown (or her feelings about Ms. versus Mrs. and Miss have not been revealed in a previous letter), prudence dictates that his or her full name be used by itself, viz., Dear Nepomuk Katzenellenbogen.

Some feminists have recommended the abolition of the rule in English grammar that says the masculine is arbitrarily employed in situations when both males and females are the antecedents for a pronoun or pronominal adjective (or when the sex of the antecedent is unknown or irrelevant, e.g., "someone"). Thus it has become a matter of verbal etiquette in some circles to say, for instance, "Everyone should do his *or her* own thing."

Unhappily, this not only is awkward but smacks of syntactic tokenism; as a remedy it is hardly an improvement on the ill. So, do your own imperfect thing in this realm—and let others do theirs. It will always be rude to score pedantic points about someone's grammar, especially if he, or he or she, means no harm.

Illustration by Karl Nicholason

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POT PROPRIETIES

Phyllis Hightower smokes an entire marijuana cigarette in front of everyone at the Throckmortons' Saturday night party. Is that cool?

Since marijuana is illegal everywhere, Phyllis should have made sure, if she didn't, that her host did not mind whether she smoked. Under the laws of many states, in fact, the person on whose premises the marijuana is found—in case of a bust—is just as criminal as the pot smoker. The etiquette of pot smoking should also take account of strong feelings people hold about the drug. If Phyllis decides that smoking a joint is a good and worthy way of shaking up some straights, she also has to face the fact that she may be ruining the evening for some of them.

In any case Phyllis should know better than to smoke a whole joint by herself. Every well-bred person passes a joint to his nearest neighbor and waits for it to come back before taking a second toke.

It is the responsibility of the host to provide a roach clip. And he should not display irritation if guests raid his refrigerator. Indeed, the modern host will already have laid in a supply of peanut butter, tangerine juice, and sunflower seeds for those who succumb to the screaming munchies.

Illustration by Don Weller

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CHIVALRY UNHORSED

Melvin Sybaritz snatches the matches from Annabel Mulch's hands and insists on lighting her Virginia Slim.

Melvin also insists on holding doors for women, stands up when they return from the powder room to his table at Le Club, and automatically positions himself on the street side when he walks with a woman. Should he? Should men still apply a special etiquette to women?

Many people continue to practice such niceties. But they are preserving Victorianisms that only make sense if one still puts women on a pedestal. It probably makes more sense today to treat women like men. Light their cigarettes as a favor, not as an obligation. Stand up only when they are significantly older. Open only half the doors in a given encounter and forget about who is standing nearer the curb. There may have been some functional rationale for some of these gestures once upon a time—for a man's curbside walking, for instance, when garbage was thrown from upstairs balconies—but the reasons have mostly disappeared or the gestures have even become counterproductive. In most neighborhoods garbage is no longer thrown out the window. Besides, Melvin's shifting to the street side throughout a stroll forces his companion to keep moving her handbag from side to side so she doesn't continually bang him on the hip. □

Illustration by Jan Faust

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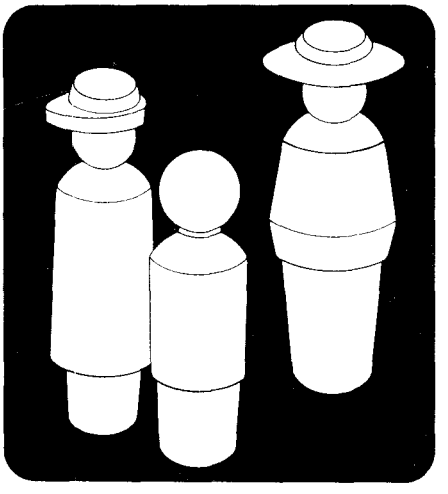
CREATIVE (AND MOSTLY UPPER-MIDDLE-CLASS) PLAYTHINGS

by Thomas Meehan

This pioneer toy-maker rejects realism in favor of semi-abstract shapes that exercise the imagination. The maker claims its toys are the best on the market. Yet the purposeful—and costly—things of Creative Playthings Inc. have made some parents feel anxious.



Not long ago, on a brisk, sunny Manhattan afternoon, a small and grinning boy with ash-blond Buster Brown bangs and the round, apple-cheeked face of a Campbell's Soup kid sauntered cheerily into Creative Playthings, a toy store on East 53rd Street, which is the main New York City retail outlet for Creative Playthings, Inc., of Princeton, New Jersey. The grinning boy was none other than my four-year-old son, Joe, and I'd brought him along with me to the city from our rural home in the sticks of northwestern Connecticut to serve as an editorial consultant on my researches into Creative Playthings. After all, I'd figured, a four-year-old like Joe clearly knows a good deal more about toys than a graying and sedentary forty-one-year-old like me.

For nearly an hour Joe strolled about Creative Playthings, pointing out to me those toys he liked and those that, on the other hand, he deemed to be "yucky," an expression he'd picked up from Oscar the Grouch of *Sesame Street*. And his likes and dislikes interestingly seemed to confirm the underlying theory about preschool children and toys on which Creative Playthings bases its controversial approach to the design of toys. That is, Creative Playthings believes that young children instinctively prefer semiabstract toys, like unpainted pieces of wood in the vague shape of vehicles, to representational toys, like Johnny Lightning cars. And certainly, while the store sells a number of traditional toys, such as dolls, scooters, and stuffed animals, it was the more abstract of the toys that Joe seemed to like best. At the back of the store he came upon a playroom that is set up for the passing amusement of toddler customers, and among all of the toys in the room he at once gravitated to a set of plain wooden blocks with which he spent twenty minutes raptly constructing a multitowered skyscraper. At Christmas, and for his birthday, my wife and I had mainly been buying literally designed toys for Joe, such as Tonka models of garbage trucks and fire engines. So it came as a revelation to me that, when given his choice, he elected to play with toys that weren't at all precisely representational in design. Maybe, I later thought as I led Joe out of the store and in the direction of the Central Park Zoo, the essential idea behind Creative Playthings isn't quite as half-baked as I had suspected it to be. And so I grew slightly less edgy about the trip down to Creative Playthings' Princeton headquarters that I was scheduled soon to make. Without Joe.

The second-class highways of central New Jersey run through a flat, treeless, nightmare landscape of housing developments, Dairy Queen stands, Mobil stations, shopping malls, Burger Chefs, Midas Muffler shops, and drive-in movie theaters showing pictures with titles like *Sex Freedom in Germany* and *The Black Belly of the Tarantula*. Set back from the highways, fronted by well-kept lawns, and looking like suburban high schools, crouch scores of low-lying, red-brick factories in which so-called clean-industry prod-

Thomas Meehan, a freelance writer and frequent contributor to SR, *is working on a book about the great days of radio.*

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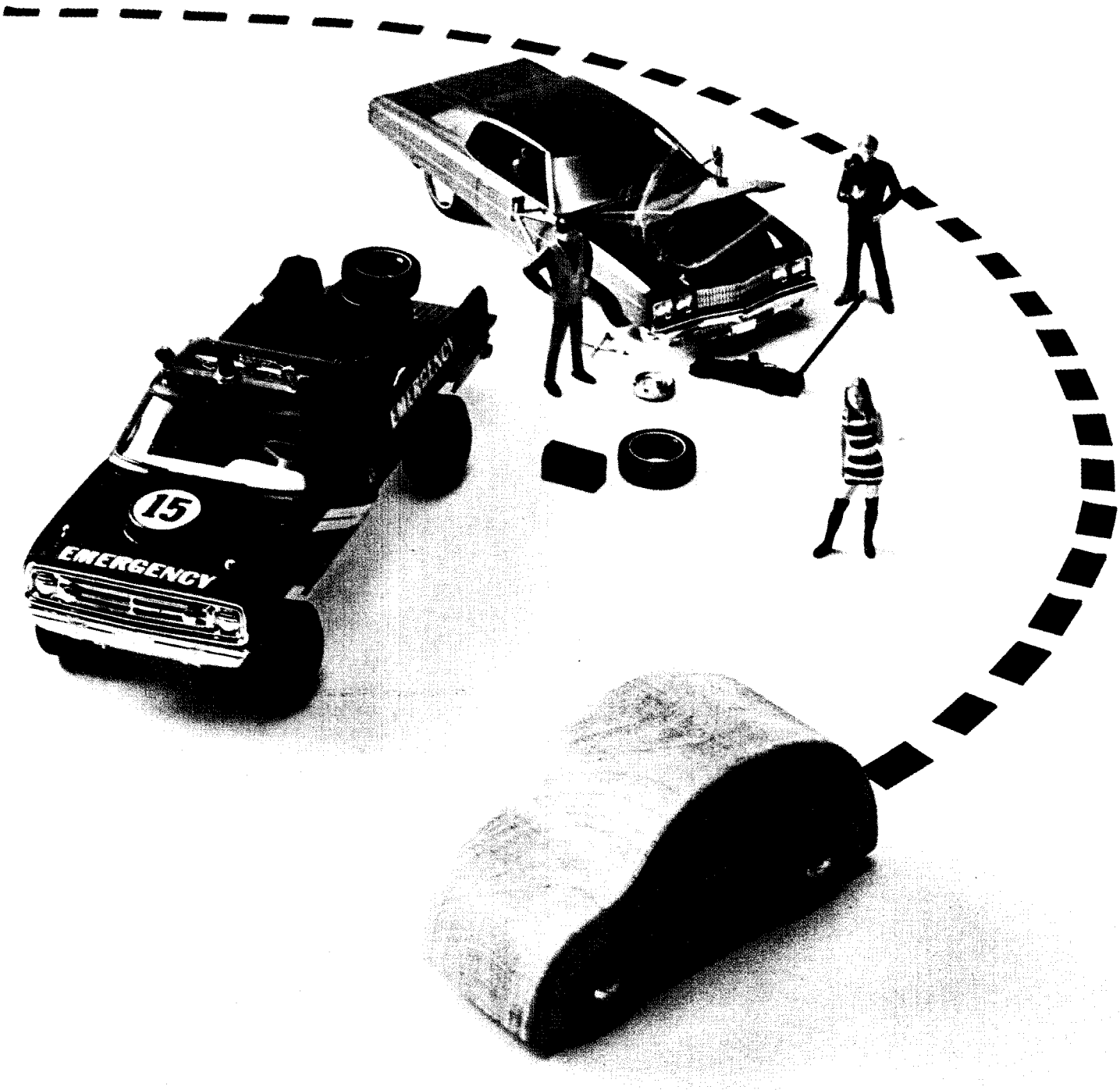

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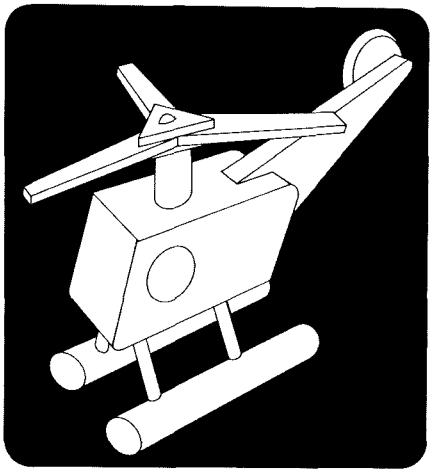
ucts such as Band-Aids, Modess, and transistor radios are turned out. A drive along one of these second-class highways, like New Jersey Route 535, is a trip through a soul-deadening, modern-American bad dream of sterility and ugliness.

On the outskirts of Princeton, however, at the edge of Route 535, one is surprised to come upon a stand of shade trees by the side of the road and in the middle of the trees to see a clean-lined contemporary building of glass and stone that looks as if it might belong in Taos, New Mexico, or in Sweden, rather than in central New Jersey. Stone walks lead through the trees to the one-story building, and at its back is a shaded modernistic playground. Driving by, on the way to a Korvette City or a Pizza Hut, one might guess that the place was a private Montessori school if a small sign by the road didn't indicate that it was instead the home of Creative Playthings. And the subdued elegance of the building, in contrast with its central New Jersey surroundings, is perhaps analogous to the quality of Creative Playthings' toys as compared to the quality of those toys made by most other American toy manufacturers.

On a chill, overcast morning, a couple of days after I'd taken Joe to the New York store, I pulled my olive-green 1971 Ford Torino to a stop in the parking lot at the side of Creative Playthings' Princeton headquarters, locked the car, and strolled beneath the trees into the building to keep an appointment that I had made earlier with Miss Jane Coventry, a patricianly pretty, young brunette who is the company's manageress of research and publicity. Later, inside the company's offices, amid arrangements of plastic-molded furniture in bright primary colors, I learned from Miss Coventry that none of the 303 toys put out by Creative Playthings is manufactured in Princeton. Instead, the toys are either imported from abroad, especially from Germany or Finland, or are made in the company's own factory at Herndon, Pennsylvania. The Princeton headquarters is, in fact, essentially a think tank. The subjects being pondered here, however, are not the aftereffects of nuclear holocaust or of a cease-fire in Vietnam but the ideal shape, weight, and color of a baby's teething ring or a three-year-old's wooden wagon.

At the moment there are more than a thousand toy companies in the United States that together put out almost 140,000 different types of toys and games and do a total annual business of some $2.5 billion. Each of the companies has guiding principles, of course. "Ideal subscribes to the philosophy of helping to make a child's world a replica of adult life," says the Ideal Toy Company. The vast majority of toy companies could probably sum up their philosophy in a simpler nine-word question: "What's the fastest way we can make a buck?" At Creative Playthings, in contrast, a great deal of deep-dish thinking goes on about things like "toys as nonverbal ways of communicating," "toys as tools for the development of intrapersonal relationships," and "toys as first experiences with constructural systems." No toy is put on the market by Creative Playthings, I was told, merely because the company suspects it may make a bundle of money out of it. Another distinct difference between Creative Playthings and other playthings is price. Because Creative Playthings' toys are made of uncheap materials (natural wood and especially durable plastics), they are relatively more expensive than the toys of most other companies, and so they don't really compete with these other toys but are in a realm of their own. A Matchbox car, for example, which is made of metal and is an exactly scaled model of a real car, can be bought for around 70 cents, while a Creative Playthings car, which is little more than a chunk of wood on wheels more or less in the shape of a Volkswagen, costs $1.95.



"Less is more" is a major company tenet; accordingly, a Creative Playthings helicopter minimally suggests the real life aircraft.

The taking-off point and basic tenet of the Creative Playthings philosophy is that playing with toys is a valuable way for a child to spend his time. Any toys, whether they're so-called educational toys, Corgi cars, Barbie dolls, or simply a bunch of empty Maxwell House coffee cans. Play is Good. But, obviously enough, Creative Playthings also believes that some toys are better for children than others, a fact that brings me to the next major tenet of the company's philosophy: Less is More. Creative Playthings believes that the typical American child has far too many toys and that most of these toys are at once too literal in design and capable of doing too many literal things. For example, one of Creative Playthings' Finnish-born toy designers explained to me, "A little girl doesn't need a dozen dolls—one that she really loves is plenty." And, he added, she also doesn't need dolls that cry, wet, drink, talk, walk, grow hair, and do virtually everything else but tap dance, menstruate, and turn on the TV to reruns of *Gilligan's Island*. Such dolls, he asserted, leave nothing to a child's imagination but, instead, like *Gilligan's Island*, are merely to be passively observed. However, as such well-known child psychologists as Dr. Haim Ginott maintain, using his imagination not only is the chief source of delight in play for a child but also is the main way by which he learns from play. Observes Dr. Benjamin Spock: "The small boy pushing a block along a crack on the floor, pretending it's a train, [is] hard at work learning about the world." Dr. Spock claims that there are only two toys that it is absolutely essential that every small child have—a set of blocks and a tricycle. For the most part, Creative Playthings tends to agree with him. "Parents should ask themselves what is the least number of toys their children can get by with, and not the most," says Creative Playthings.

Every toy, Creative Playthings believes, should be able to serve more than one purpose and so, paradoxically, should be capable of doing practically nothing by itself. A set of electric trains is an example of the sort of toy that Creative Playthings most disapproves of—only by the wildest stretch of the imagination can it be anything but a scale model of a real train going monotonously around in circles. On the other hand, says Creative Playthings, a set of wheeled and hooked-together wooden blocks that somewhat resemble the cars of a train and that have to be powered by the child himself leaves a broad scope open to the imagination—in the mind of a three-year-old, the Creative Playthings train can be either a train or any other vehicle that he wants it to be. Less is More.

The Creative Playthings philosophy, as the company is perfectly willing to admit, wasn't dreamed up out of thin air in Princeton. But it is based instead on the thinking of the country's most prominent experts on child develop-

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ment about young children and toys. As long ago as 1946, for example, Dr. Spock noted that "children usually love simple toys best and play with them longest. This isn't because children are simple—it's because they have so much imagination." And just about every prominent child psychologist, including Dr. Ginott, Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, and Dr. Jean Piaget, is entirely in agreement with Dr. Spock on this point. Adds Dr. Lydia Dawes, a former chief of child psychiatry at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, "Toys should be simple to let a child use the full range of his imagination. Household items are particularly good because they allow his imagination to roam. At one moment, a pot lid can be a boat wheel or a doll's cradle. At the next moment, it can be used just as Mother uses it. An oatmeal box can be a drum, a king's throne, or a doll wagon. . . . The nice thing about these simple toys is that they offer so many different kinds of play, can be pulled and pushed around, can give a child pleasure in motion. They . . . provide a youngster [with] a chance to learn about construction and destruction. In play a child learns to build, to plan, to learn, and to share —all invaluable in later life." And the experts also agree with Creative Playthings, or vice versa, that most American children have a good many more toys than they actually need or really want. Says Dr. Spock, "A good-size bag of wooden blocks of different shapes is worth ten toys to any child up to six or eight."

Creative Playthings' hardest job, as difficult as converting Arabs to Judaism, is persuading parents, maiden aunts, and other buyers of toys to believe that less really is more, that small children actually prefer playing with, say, funny-looking little wooden pegs that are supposed to represent people rather than with such literal dolls as Crissy or Tiny Tears. And that such semiabstract toys are educationally and developmentally better for children, too.

The problem is that most of us adults are unable to remember what it was like to be a child playing with toys, and so we are reluctant to accept Creative Playthings' seemingly perverse way of looking at things. The best toys, as far as the average, literal-minded adult is concerned, are those that most resemble real-life objects in miniature and that are maybe also powered by batteries. But, as Creative Playthings is especially fond of pointing out, "Toys are like dog food—the buyer isn't the eater." And just as your dog doesn't necessarily enjoy eating the same sorts of food that you enjoy buying for it, so your child isn't necessarily delighted by the same sort of toys that most appeal to you.

Creative Playthings' effort to change our ways of thinking about toys can be dated from shortly after World War II, when an army veteran named Frank Caplan opened a small toy store in New York's Greenwich Village near Washington Square, which he called Creative Playthings. Caplan was convinced that most toys then marketed in the United States were junk, and so he specialized in semiabstract wooden toys that he himself made in the back of his store and in similar toys that he imported in small quantities from Europe. In 1950 at the Toy Fair (an annual convention of toy manufacturers that is held in New York in February) Caplan chanced to meet a Middle Westerner named Bernard Barenholtz, who, as matters turned out, was running a toy store in St. Louis that was similar in its toys and philosophical outlook to Caplan's. The two men agreed that just about all the toys on display at the Toy Fair were "corny imitations of real life" that had been cynically designed to catch the eye of toy-buying adults but not for the pleasure of the children who'd have to play with them. They agreed, too, that there was a need in America for a company that made imagination-expanding toys specifically designed to be fun for children to play with. So later in 1950 Caplan and Barenholtz pooled their resources to cofound Creative Playthings, Inc., which they set up to manufacture semiabstract wooden toys in a factory in Herndon, Pennsylvania, where, as I noted above, the company still does all of its manufacturing today.

In the 1950s Caplan and Barenholtz concentrated on selling their toys in quantity lots rather than singly, and Creative Playthings gradually grew to be the country's leading supplier of toys to the some 60,000 nursery schools and kindergartens in America. Then, in 1960, the company branched out into the mail-order business and five years later into department-store retail sales. By then, as the company also opened up stores of its own in New York and Los Angeles, the number of different toys put out by Creative Playthings had grown to more than a thousand and included everything from a two-ounce teething ring to a four-ton piece of playground equipment. By the middle of the 1960s, too, Creative Playthings had succeeded in establishing a strong image for itself—i.e., that of an elitist company that made artsy-craftsy educational toys for the children of upper-middle-class and wealthy parents. In those days one imagined the typical buyer of Creative Playthings' toys as being a horse-faced young Grosse Pointe matron who'd taken a couple of courses in psychology at Smith, who read *The New Yorker*, and who was a patron of

BERTANI & SHRIMP SCAMPI

Whether it's at a fine Italian restaurant or at your table at home, nothing complements Shrimp Scampi like pale, dry **Bertani Soave.**

Shrimp Scampi
(Serves 6)

Shell, devein and dry 3 pounds raw shrimp. Sauté in ¼ inch of olive oil over high heat, shaking skillet, for 5 minutes, or until shrimp are bright pink. Season with salt and pepper. Remove to hot platter. To oil still in pan, add 3 garlic cloves, finely chopped, and ½ cup finely chopped parsley. Shake pan over high heat for a few seconds. Pour sauce over shrimp.

Bertani has a wine for every meal except breakfast.

BERTANI
When Italians get together

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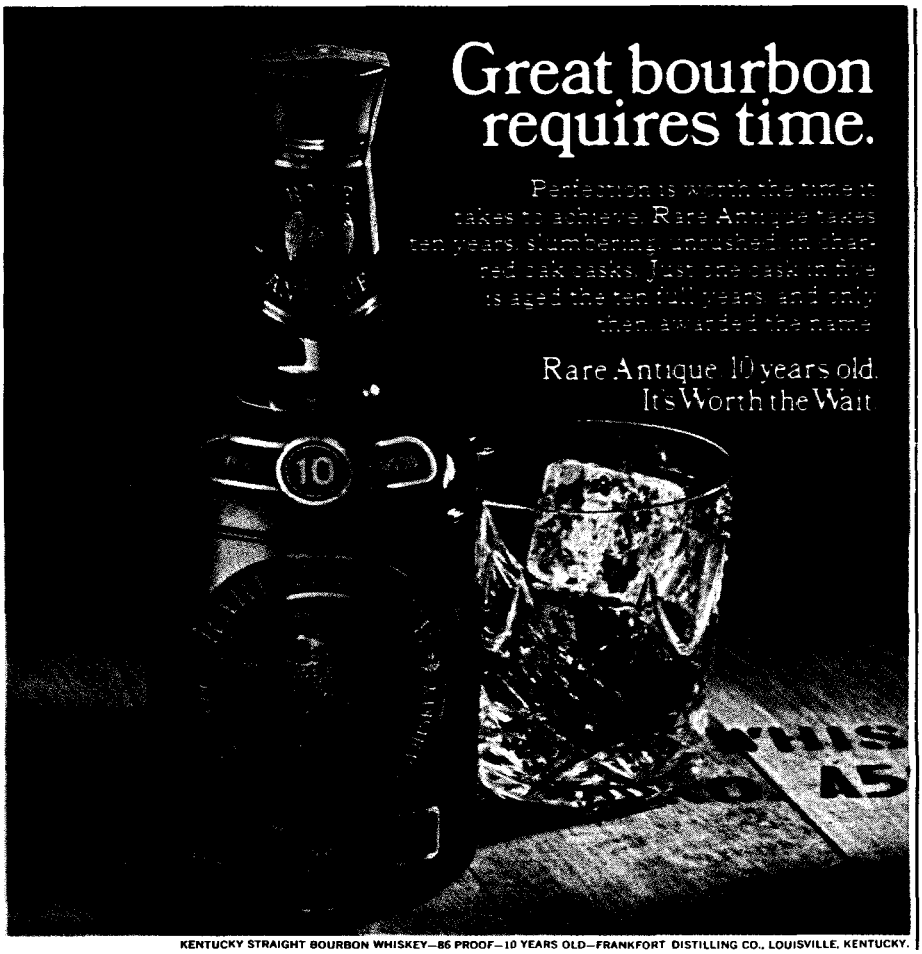
museums and symphony orchestras. And there seemed to be a considerable number of such young matrons around. In 1965, in any event, the company sold $4.3 million worth of toys, and in 1966 the figure zoomed up to $11 million. Along the way Creative Playthings has been joined by a number of other toy companies that share much the same philosophy, but it remains by far the largest producer in its expanding field.

Still, even as Creative Playthings grew, the company began to discover that its contemporary approach to toys was running up against an unforeseen, but strictly contemporary, impediment. By 1967 it became evident that Creative Playthings' toys were anxiety-producing—for the grown-ups who bought them. That is, if your baby couldn't crawl around on Creative Playthings' Crawligator by the age of three months, as the company said that he should be able to, you began nervously to suspect that there was something terribly wrong with your kid. In those days Creative Playthings' catalogue spoke intimidatingly of things like the parents' responsibility for "planning a responsive environment" for their children and for providing them with "richly rewarding ego-building play." Almost all of Creative Playthings' toys were described in the catalogue as "meaningful," and blocks weren't simply blocks but "manipulatives," while dolls were "ego-expanders." And there was also the feeling among many parents that most children despised Creative Playthings' toys —expensive and beautifully crafted objects that reflected the exquisite good taste of the adults who bought them but that bored children to tears. The image that Creative Playthings had somehow created for itself was finally enough to drive even the most psychologically oriented parent out the door to buy his kids Betsy-Wetsy dolls and Hot Wheels and enough to cause some soul searching at Creative Playthings itself.

In 1966 Barenholtz and Caplan had sold Creative Playthings to the Columbia Broadcasting System, and so, like the New York Yankees, the company had become a division of CBS. And though Caplan at first stayed on as president of the company, CBS immediately set to work to change Creative Playthings' image, a process that has been considerably stepped up since 1968, when Stephen Miller replaced Caplan as president.

I was introduced to Stephen Miller at Creative Playthings' pleasant Princeton headquarters. He is a darkly handsome, shaggy-haired young man in his early thirties who somewhat resembles the circa-1938 Tyrone Power and is often, I learned, referred to around the Princeton headquarters as Creative Playthings' "resident child," a description that he's earned as a result of his bouncy exuberance, free-flowing imagination, and casual manner of roaming tieless and jacketless about the office. Like Caplan, Miller began his career in the toy business as the proprietor of a small Greenwich Village toy store, 1-2 Kangaroo, which dealt mainly in wooden toys imported from Germany and Scandinavia. Since becoming president of the company, Miller has made a number of radical changes in Creative Playthings, perhaps at least partially because sales in the late 1960s had sharply fallen off as a result both of the recession and of the company's image. At any rate, acting upon his heretical theory that American children should have fewer toys rather than more, Miller has slashed the number of toys put out by Creative Playthings from more than 1,000 to 303, and he expects to cut the number even further in the next couple of years. And he's also taken Creative Playthings out of the mail-order business. The company's toys can now be bought only in retail stores or through school equipment-and-supply distributors. "The toy business is too seasonal for mail order," Miller told me as we chatted together across a conference table. And he added that one of his chief aims as president of Creative Playthings is to change the toy-buying habits of America's adults so that they'll buy occasional toys throughout the year rather than a roomful of toys at Christmas time. Miller said he hopes to bring about this change not only for business but for psychological reasons—a child, he feels, needs the stimulation of a new toy from time to time but is frustrated and overwhelmed by too many new toys at once.

Anyone who has ever been a parent is aware of the fact that small children seem naturally to prefer playing with things they've found around the house—wooden spools, coffee cans, cardboard boxes, egg beaters, etc.—than with store-bought toys. You fork out $285 to buy your young son a set of Lionel trains and a few days later you find him down on the floor with a bunch of empty boxes hooked together with a string to form what he proudly calls a train. And what Creative Playthings has done, it struck me as I was talking to Miller, is to capitalize upon this predilection of small children by turning out things—at a handsome price—that are really very similar to objects found randomly around most houses. For example, a Creative Playthings toy like the Indoor Gym House —which is a low wooden slide with a circular hutch underneath—is only a little more sophisticated than something that an imaginative ten-year-old could


Great bourbon requires time.
Perfection is worth the time it takes to achieve. Rare Antique takes ten years slumbering unrushed in charred oak casks. Just one cask in five is aged the ten full years and only then awarded the name.
Rare Antique 10 years old. It's Worth the Wait.
10
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—86 PROOF—10 YEARS OLD—FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

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improvise for himself out of a wooden crate, a handful of nails, and a few boards. Instead of costing practically nothing, however, the Indoor Gym House costs $35.95. Or, to take another example, a small child enjoys playing with his mother's hand mirror from her dresser—Creative Playthings puts out almost exactly the same sort of mirror for $4.95. It thus dawned on me that, to fall into a bit of hip contemporary slang, Creative Playthings might be something of a ripoff.

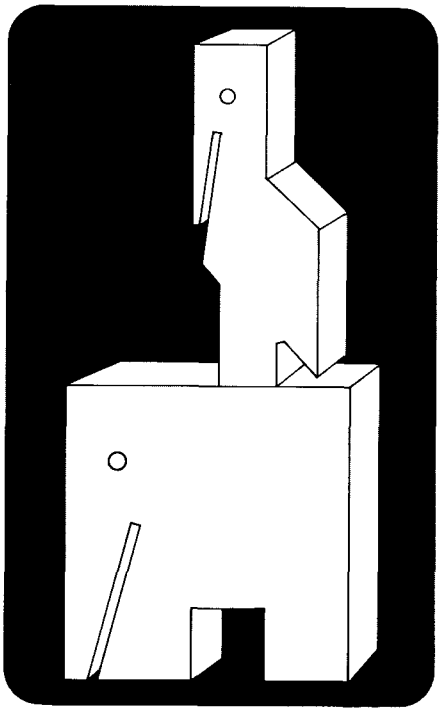
When I put this idea to Miller, however, he emphatically disagreed because, he said, Creative Playthings' toys are not only safer than similar found or home-made toys but also far more durable and, especially, more beautiful—handsomely shaped, sanded, and rounded at the edges. Putting beautifully made objects into the hands of children, Miller suggested, is part of the function of his company. At an early age a child is subtly taught to have an esthetic appreciation of, and sense of taste about, objects around him. Give a child toys made of cheap plastic, in short, and he'll grow up with a taste for cheap plastic.

Miller also defended the prices of his toys compared to other toys by pointing out that his are far better made and that the beauty of design and the expensive materials used inevitably weigh in the price. Besides, he added, a couple willing to spend perhaps $75 on an evening of drinks, dinner, and the theater shouldn't be reluctant to spend $10 on a toy for their child. A toy, Miller suggests, is the child's equivalent in terms of pleasure and experience of an adult's night on the town.

Still, Miller is disturbed by the fact that the high price of Creative Playthings' toys puts them out of the financial range of many Americans, disturbed because, above all, he appears intent on broadening his market. He says that he is, in fact, determined to transform Creative Playthings into a full-scale competitor of such companies as Ideal and Mattel.

Creative Playthings still has a long way to go before it poses a serious challenge to these giants of the toy industry. Last year its sales were about $12 million as compared to around $80 million for the Ideal Toy Company and more than $300 million for Mattel. Meantime the larger toy companies tend to look disdainfully on Creative Playthings as the Grand Union might look down upon a small Middle Western chain of corner grocery stores. They don't buy the Creative Playthings philosophy, either, arguing that it isn't only adult toy-buyers but children themselves who love such literal toys as Matchbox cars, Barbie dolls, and Lionel trains. In short, as far as they're concerned, Creative Playthings is all wet, and their attitude toward the idea that children naturally prefer semiabstract toys might be summed up as something like this: "Take a look at our sales figures. We must be doing something right."

But Miller seems hardly daunted by the disdain or the challenge. At the moment Creative Playthings' toys can be bought in some 1,300 stores around the country, as well as from sixty-six school equipment-and-supply distributors, and Miller has a squad of salesmen out on the road "working like hell" to sign up further retail outlets for the toys. He has even admitted that he wouldn't be unhappy someday to see Creative Playthings' toys mass-marketed in stores like Woolworth's. He isn't attempting to expand the company solely for business reasons, either, he insists—Miller is convinced that Creative Playthings is one of the few companies in America that is making the psychologically proper sorts of toys for children and that thus every child should have the opportunity to play with them. "The best is good enough for everybody," Miller cheerfully told me. "What we're doing here is a Heinz catsup exercise. I mean, everybody knows that Heinz makes the best catsup on the market, and so just about everybody uses it, from the poor on welfare to the richest Texas oil millionaires. In the same way we feel that all kids should have the chance to play with the best toys."



"Because it's wood doesn't mean it's good," blasphemes the company's current president. But most of its creatures are still made of wood.

Still, if Miller at times exudes something of a crusader's zeal about his mission, in his quest for broader markets he has been known to be less than worshipful about some long-held Creative Playthings tenets of toy design. A while ago, for example, he horrified some of the other executives in the company when he coined the following couplet: "Because it is wood/Doesn't mean it's good." And though most of Creative Playthings' toys are still made of wood, Miller tells interviewers that, if a toy has to be made of cheaper materials to be good, he sees no reason not to make it out of those materials. Not even the basic Creative Playthings maxim that all toys should be durable and long-lasting is sacred to him. "I think that a balloon is a wonderful toy," says Miller, "and yet it's made of flimsy materials and lasts for only a few minutes." In other words, as far as Miller is concerned, there are no unbreakable rules as to what does or doesn't make a good toy. The only important thing is that a child has fun playing with it. "Essentially," Miller says, "children want the same number of options with a toy as they have with a TV set: a choice of information [i.e., a variety of interpretations] and the option to turn the damed thing off when they want to."

Finally, at the risk of losing those of his present customers who buy Creative Playthings' toys for their snob-status appeal, Miller is working to make the company less elitist than it was and in the process to make its toys less disturbing to parents. Thus Creative Playthings' catalogue is no longer filled with the technical jargon of child psychology. For example, instead of offering a dense, off-putting paragraph about what a baby is supposed to be able to do with a Crawligator, the catalogue now simply says how big it is, what it's made of, how much it costs, and at what age—six months and upward—a child might most enjoy playing with it. "We used to be strictly for Mrs. van Jones," Miller remarked to me, "but now we're hoping instead to reach plain Mrs. Jones." The public isn't stupid, said Miller, who is certain that there are millions of potential customers for Creative Playthings' toys who'll buy them if they're exposed to them. " 'Let the crowd into the palace,' " said Miller, quoting Coco Chanel's famous line as we closed our chat and I prepared to drive back from Princeton to Connecticut, " 'and corrupt them with good taste.' " □

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The Death of Harold

EDITED BY DAVID F. WARD

Old letters, fading with age, have a singular and perpetual charm. But never have I known any as revealing and poignant as the collection of old letters—tied together with a rubber band and preserved in a small wooden box—recently found in the attic of an abandoned house in Eureka, Kansas.

This collection, published here for the first time, begins with the letters home from a young man, whose name is changed here to Harold Sitwell, who left Eureka to seek his fortune in California in 1936. Harold, a "rough carpenter," tells his parents of the life he finds in California in the Depression years, and of how, perhaps by holding shingling nails between his teeth, he becomes ill. Then comes a letter from a friend, Eddie, reporting Harold's hospitalization, followed by official messages from the hospital, telegrams and letters home from Harold's mother telling of her desperate trip to California to be at her son's bedside, and then suddenly the telegram announcing the death of Harold.

The collection continues, with an official medical report, letters of condolence from friends—and bills. It is a uniquely American tragedy.

14412 Vose St.
Van Nuys [California]

Sept. 30th [1936]

Dear Mother

Well Eddie and I got into L.A. Sunday morning and I have worked one day for Larry and Ciece. We have got a job for tomorrow helping run cement in forms for a foundation for a house. The fellow we are going to work for says he has a lot of work ahead . . . . Gee I wish dad was out here. I think he could go right to work for $6 a day but it's a little hard for a helper to get started because [they've] had so many that hasn't done very good work.

Say Mother tell dad to tell Eddie's folks that he is out here and everything is O.K. I bought a dimes worth of those little seedless white grapes and we got enough for three of us. There is another boy with us that we picked up this side of Lamar. We went throught Lamar and I saw Glen's car at a lumber yard. I went down to wash and went back but he had left and we stayed in Lamar for three hrs. and didn't see him so we drove to Phoenix Arz. They met us at the N. Mex. and Arz. line to search our car which they do every car and then a fellow came out to give us a lot of addressess to find work in the cotton fields. When we came through the Arz and Calif State line of course we expected trouble but they searched our car over and let us pass on through so here we are. I sure wish we could figure out some way for you and Dad to come on out. Its nice out here. Larry says there is about two months out here in rainy season that you can hardly get any work. Mom tell dad to get Bernard Bronson's address and send it out.

Harold

Dear Mother

Well I just received your letter to-day and I thought I would drop you a letter right back. You said Buck wants to drive you out here. I wish you would come on out right away as there is plenty of work for finish carpenters at from $5-$6 and $7 a day. Down the street they want three right [now] and there is plenty of adds in the paper. I have worked 4 days this week for a shingler at 90c a thousand but it is just like learning over again. You have to cut your Valleys Ships with the ax and shingle the hips and valleys so I didn't make much and I have no car to get back an forth to work. Todays work was about 25 miles from here and I couldn't find the job so I might be fired when I go to work in the morning. Ciece Cale is going to try to get me a job as a plumbers helper this evening. It will probably be 50c an hr. I have tried to get on as a rough carpenter but the town's full of them. Eddie went down to an Employment Agency in L.A. yesterday and they called for R. Carpenter for $5 a day but I was working. I may go down there some time. Its about 25 miles to down town L.A. from here.

Larry and his wife and Eddie ([and] the kid who we picked up in Lamar) and I all went down to Long Beach Sunday to Bob and Virginia and then we all went to the Ocean. I thought that was the best sight I have seen. Bob is making as high as $14 a day of course he dosn't average that. He said [he] would try to get me a job down there. Its about 100 miles down there and back. Say Mom, if Dad can get rid of the place, why couldn't you come out here? I am

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David F. Ward is department coordinator of language, literature, and philosophy at Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts.

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but its a
little hard
because the
so many
very good work
Say mother,
folks that he
is O.K. when we came through the Ariz
and Calif State line of course we expected
trouble but they searched our car over
and let us pass on through, so here
we are. I sure wish we could figure
out some way for you and Dad to come
on out. Its nice out here.
Love
Harold
Eddie's
everything

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working down in N. Hollywood and there [are] hundreds of houses being built there. In Van Nuys there is some and [there] are buildings going up in Glendale and Burbank and Bob says there are a lot being built in L.B. and Palm Springs. They want carpenters some places $180.00 a month. But a person would have to have a car, to keep working. I believe I could get one job right after another if I had a car and could be right on the job to get it. We sure get the best tasting fresh tomatoes for 3 lbs for 10c. Them white seedless grapes 3 lbs f 10c. We don't cook but we could get aspeagress 8c a pound and 2 lbs. for 25c 1st and 2nd grade. The best looking fresh straw-berrys for 17c a pint. But rent would cost about $25 a month. Larry says it wont be long untill the rainy season.

I have seen Larry Thomas and his wife we eat at Ezery Florences and Lary's Sis and her man that Lenard writes to he is a cook Ciece Cale and Bob and Virginia all from Eureka The Shingler I work for named Dunbay's has shingled in Eureka. Well Mother I guess I'd better close now.

Harold

Mama you asked me if I liked Calif. well enough to live here. There just seems to be plenty of work here and there isn't any in Eureka. I have been in L.A. 11 working days and have worked 5 days and tomorrow will make it ½ and ½ and I am a stranger.

Oct.

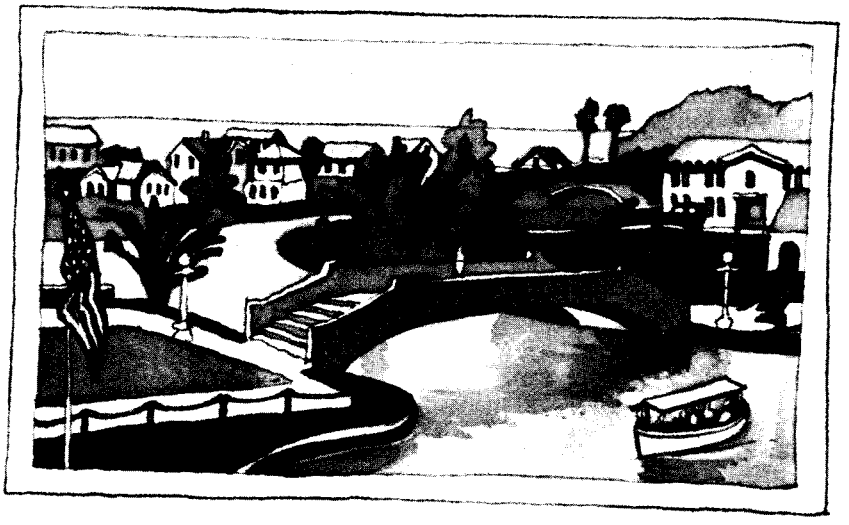
Dear Mother

Well I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know I am still here. Eddie and Smity (The boy that rode out from Lamar with us) and I went down to The Santa Monica beach Sunday to watch them swim. There wan't many swiming but there were sure a lot with bathing suits on playing games and doing stunts. They were playing Ping Pon beach foot ball and turning flip flops and a lot of other thing. Some were lying in the sand. We left the San Fernado valley and it was warm and sunny and it was fogy down at the Beach the sun wasn't out down there but when we come back the sun was shining nice and bright again it sure is foggy here of a nite. The water drips off the trees as if it were raining of a morning.

I have had a bad tooth the last two days and haven't been able to eat very good. I couldn't work yesterday and I didn't go to work today.

We just shingled a house down in Westwood with Shake shingles. I only made $1.30 a day. I hope we don't have any more of [that] kind of work to do. Say Mother I have just got one letter from you and you said you and Dad might come out. I sure wish you were out here. If you can't come out I might come back and we could all come out next Spring. I can't land a rought carpenter job as there are too many of them here but they are needing finished carpenters bad. When I told you all the person's I have seen from Eureka I forgot to mention Virginia's father Colley. He was down at Bobs and Virginias. When we went down there.

I went down to Long Beach Sunday to see Bob and Virginia and then we all went to the ocean. I thought that was the best sight I have seen.



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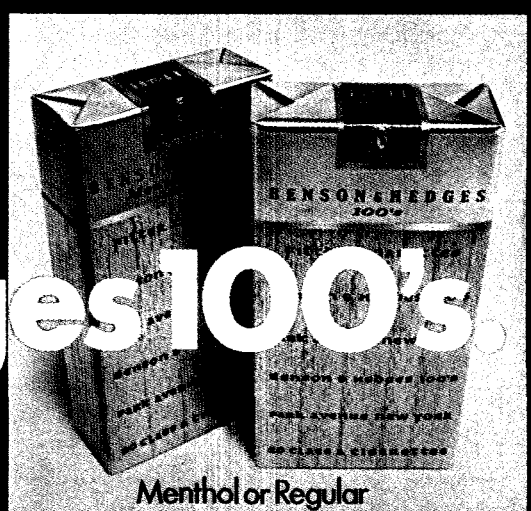
America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

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THE AFTER DINNER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

B&B
THE DRIER LIQUEUR

Benedictine
LA GRANDE LIQUEUR FRANCAISE

Now, this unique show-case Gift Package...the two world-famous liqueurs from France...Benedictine D.O.M and B&B Liqueur in this two compartment bottle so each can be poured separately. Benedictine and B&B are also available in their very own festive package.

Both 86 Proof

Schieffelin WILE
NEW YORK

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Be sure and let me know wether you are coming out this fall or not as I might come back. I am not doing very good out here for myself. And they say a fellow ought to have about $40 laid up for the rainy season and shingling is a poor trade out here. We have two houses ahead to shingle but they only pay 90c a square. Some are shingling for 75c and the jobs are 15 or twenty miles from here so you see it cost like the devel to drive back an forth. Well mother I expect I had better sign off now.

Harold

Oct. 19-36

Mrs. Sitwell,

I will write you and let you know we are still here. Harold has Ulsurated tooth and his jaw and neck is swelled so he can't open his mouth or eat but we was to the doctor and he thinks he will be all right in a few days. We are not working right at present. It is raining here about all time. We will make it O.K. so don't worry.

Eddie Duprey

Friday Oct. 23.

Dear Sonny:

I just got Eddies letter. I just feel so sorry about your tooth Harold. Are you sure its your tooth causeing the swelling? It might be your kidneys but of course you can tell if your tooth is real sore. Sonny, I have 2 dollars I am going to have Dad take it up and get a money order and send you. It isn't much but it will help you some mabey. My only hope is that you have that tooth out by this time and feel better. I sent you a dollar bill the other day. I expect you have it by this time. Tell Eddie I am so glad he wrote me and that I sure thank him.

We will send you some more money just as soon as we possibly can Harold. We will try to send you boys enough to get home on just as soon as we can. Take good care of yourself Sonny and don't get out in the rain and take cold while your tooth is so bad.

Well Dad is in a hurry to mail this.

If you dont feel like writing Harold have Eddie to let me know right away.

With love
Mother

Dear Mother

Well mom I thought I drop you a few lines to let you know how I am geting along. Eddie and the other boy has been getting things to eat such as Beef stew with all vegetables to make it taste good and cake and the nicest pie and massed potatoes and difert kinds of vegetable salads and about 5 different kinds of meat and gravy and about [every] thing else that tastes good but haven't had but a few cups of coffee and a few drinks of orange juise and 1 sofed boiled ege. I am so hungry. I am weak and when ah says week ah means week. The reason I couldn't eat or drink anything was because I couldn't get my mouth open only far enough to stick my little finger in it. I am staying in a room across the street from Larrys while Eddie went down into L.A. to by some Eltricity books and a few tools that he will need in his new job. . . . Say mother Eddie wants you to send that Electrisity book of mine out. I wish you would [too] because Eddie has been so good since I have been under the weather. There were three of us sleepin in one place so he went out and rented me an ahfull nice room its perty inside and the nices covers and boy it sure is swell just a step to the bath room. I sure used it plenty to wash out my mouth and spit.

When I got up this morning Eddie had washed out all of our clothes. He used a machine but he had a lot to pick up by himself and no mater what he was going to do he was always after me to take me to the dentist and I had to have a Doctor too. At any time I wanted a drink of orange juice he always went after it and I didn't have no money to speak of. I had paid the Dentist an give Larry 2 bucks. . . . I am so weak that I dont think I can start hard work for quite a little while. The Old Man where I am staying wants me to stay over there and kind of chore around with him for 10 or 15 days untill I get my strength back. He has got quite a few things to do so I believe Ill do that. . . . I think if dad were here to-day he could go to work tomorrow if he had his tools. They want you to have quite a few tools. I am going over and talk to my boss [in] the evening and draw my money and tell him I wont be able to work for a while.

Well Mom I had better quit as I'm getting tired as heck. Puss started breaking through last nite and you can imagine how beter I feel. I am under a Doc and Dentist care so there is nothing to worry you so don't worry a bit. Im havin em yanked out as soon as possible and maby that will be this afternoon. Good By.

Sat. 24.

Dear Sonny:

I just got your letter you wrote Wednesday. Harold you was awful sick wan't you. I thought when I had the letter from Eddie, that you were.

I bet you wished you were home with your old mom, didn't you Harold. You tell Eddie I sure do appreciate what he has done for you and thank him for being so good to you. And if ever we can do anything for him we sure will. I was so glad you could take that trip, but oh how I wish you were home, when you was sick. Dad was doing a little work for Mrs. Marton this week and he had some shingle nails in his mouth one day and Mrs. Marton's sister just had a spell about it and made him take the nails out of his mouth. She said there was a man in Witchita sick and one of the best Dr. told him it was the nails. They treat them with dope of some kind to keep them from rusting and it is poision. So Dad wonders if that got into your tooth Harold and caused infection. Sonny I am sending you another dollar bill. The reason I only send one or two is that Dad is doing just little patch work and don't get much at a time. He gives me just one dollar at a time. So I send them to you just what I happen to have you see. Did you get the one I sent Monday and the money order for 2 dollars I sent. Did you get your bathing suit I sent Harold. I am sending the elec. book today too Harold. Dad just now said if we could just sell this house we would be out there right away. Sonny I can see you have been lots worse than you have let me know. I didn't sleep at all last night hardly. Everytime I would drop to sleep I would dream of you and it would wake me.

. . . Well, Dad is waiting to mail this Harold so take awful good care of yourself and if I can get some money Harold I will send you some. Dad just told me we might be able to send you some the first of the week.

With lots of love
Mom

Dear Sonny

Was sure sorry to hear that you had been sick and hope you are better now. Say Harold if you need any money you let us know and I will get it some how and send it right out to you. I have been working some this week for Mrs. Marton. You and Harris used to sell her fish. Now Harold I don't want you to carry nails in your mouth when you work. Mrs. Marton's sister told there was a man nearby died in Wichita by having his mouth poisoned with nails. So you be careful. I have got our place listed for sale and if we should be lucky enough to sell out we will start right out there. We would have to get a car of some kine. Now you let us know how you are getting along. Will try and send you some more money next week. Skinny Bales is in Nebraska. His dad says he is thinking of going to Utah. Well Sonny good-bye for this time.

From Dad

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18WZ RO 47 COLLECT DL
LOS ANGELES CALIF 208P OCT 26 1936
FRANK W SIMMS
SHERIFF EUREKA KANS
HAROLD SITWELL VERY DISTURBED CONDITION WOULD REQUIRE TWENTY FOUR HOUR ATTENDANTS AND COMPARTMENT IF RETURNED AT PRESENT WIRE IF THIS IS DESIRED OTHERWISE WILL PROBABLY BE COMMITTED TO STATE HOSPITAL HERE AND DEPORTED LATER OR YOU CAN ARRANGE HIS RETURN PRIVATELY THROUGH STATE HOSPITAL WHEN IMPROVED
MRS GENEVIEVE DODD
PSYCHOPHATIC PAROLE OFFICER
514P

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

NORWALK, CALIF.
October 27, 1936

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sitwell

Eureka, Kansas

to NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL Dr.
for board, care and medical attendence of
Harold Sitwell
5 days
months
from October 27, 1936 to November 1, 1936
at $20.00 per month $3.23

Make remittance payable to NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL and return this bill

NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL
Norwalk, California

The mentally sick do better and improve faster if not visited too often. Relatives and friends are requested to refrain from visiting patients during the first month's treatment and under no circumstances should a patient be visited oftener than once a week. Friends must have written permission from nearest relative before they can visit a patient.

Visiting hours 1 to 3:30 P.M. only. Owing to the crowded condition of the hospital and the limited space available for visiting only two visitors to a patient can be permitted at one time.

NO VISITING ON TUESDAYS OR FRIDAYS

Visitors must not give patients money, knives or matches and permission must first be obtained before giving eatable or tobacco. Money for patients must be left in the office and clothing and eatables with the Supervisor or Matron, otherwise the hospital assumes no responsibility.

The duties of the physicians do not permit interviews with them on Sundays, Tuesdays, or Fridays.

Letters to patients should be addressed to the patient, in care of the State Hospital, Norwalk, California. Written inquir[i]es concerning patients must be directed to the Superintendent. Always give the full name of the patient, the writer's name, street address and city, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Inquiries by telephone should be made between 1 and 5 P.M. Do not call for the Superintendent. Call NORWALK 6528. When the Hospital answers give the patient's name about whom you wish to inquire, and you will be connected with the patient's Physician.

The institution can be reached by Motor Transit Stage leaving Los Angeles at corner of Fifth and Los Angeles Streets.

Keep the hospital informed of your correct address and telephone number if you wish to receive necessary communications relative to any patient.

DR. EDWIN WHITE
Medical Superintendent

102 N 19 NM
A EUREKA KANS OCT 27 1936
EDDIE DUPREY
CARE ORVAL THOMAS 14412 VOSE ST
HAROLDS MOTHER WILL ARRIVE LOS ANGELES THURSDAY MORNING SEVEN THIRTY ON SANTA FE TELL HAROLD IF POSSIBLE MEET HER AT STATION
ROY SITWELL
715A

Whereas, Harold Sitwell, on account of severe sickness is in a Hospital at Los Angeles, California, and his mother has gone to Los Angeles to be with him and bring him home, and she is without funds to pay her fare and the fare of Harold home to Eureka, and it being our wish and desire to help Mrs. Sitwell and her son Harold in returning to Eureka, we, each of us subscribe the amounts placed opposite our names.

Name.	Amount.
Ward Mannes	$25.00
Leonard Peoples	10.00
Arlie Martin	5.00
Ray Kenyon	2.00
Roland Kenyon	2.00
C. A. North	5.00
Hugh Lambert	1.00
Ed Thomas	1.00
Pennington	1.00
Bert Lawson	1.00
Charlie Lawson	1.00
Sam Sunday	1.00
Blan	.50
Will Bass	1.00
Sherman Sampson	1.00
L. Hewitt	1.00

Gallup [New Mexico]
Wednesday 11:15

We are still in N. M. almost to Ariz. Are passing through some wonderful country. Am awful tired. Just cant sleep. I keep wondering what news you had had, if any. Will be able to send news this time tomorrow.

Ida

WZ OX 52 DL
NORWALK, CALIF 335PM 10-30-36
RAY SITWELL
207 SOUTH ILLS
EUREKA, KANSAS

HAROLD IS WILDLY DELIRIOUS AND REQUIRED TRAINED ATTENDANTS TO TRAVEL WITH HIM HOSPITAL WILL PROVIDE ATTENDANTS AND BRING HIM TO EMPORIA IF YOU ARRANGE TO HAVE HIM MET THERE AND TAKEN TO STATE HOSPITAL WIRE NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY AGREEING TO THIS ARRANGEMENT AS PARTY HE MUST JOIN LEAVES HERE NOVEMBER SEVENTH
IDA
7:55PM

Roy,

Well I got here and Eddie was there to meet me. They have taken Harold away from the General Hospital and have sent him out to a Sanatarium at a little place called Norwalk. I am going to try to find room here. The lady in the Post O. gave me some address. I just came from Harold they let me in to see him just a few minutes. Oh my God I can't tell you how awful. The place is awful nice the people were nice to me. But the poor kid is just skin and bones and talks every minute just as fast as he can. But I am sure he knew me. I could hear him talking way down the hall but I went in and said Harold this is mom do you know me. His face lit up and he says O Boy and I kissed

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him. He knew I was crying cause he kept saying Thats why mothers cry. Oh I feel sure if I could stay with him I could slowly bring him to himself. But he only knew me for a minute. They want to send him back to KS. and had some pappers for me to sign but I told them I just couldn't today. They said they were sending several back East and he could go with a bunch. They didn't talk like they would let me see him again. But I am going back to morrow and try to make them let me. He can't live long I don't think. Its more awful than I ever expected to see. I don't know what to tell you. I will write again when I can think better.

Ida

Send my mail to
Norwalk, Calif. Gen. Del.

Dear Ida,

Just received your letter and am so unstrung and miserable that I don't know whether I can answer it or not but will try. It just nearly kills me to think of you being there by yourself and I just can't hardly think. There isn't much to write about. Toy and Maude have been down every evening since you left to see if I had heard anything. I am sure glad Eddie met you at the train. Maude told me I needn't worry about that as she knew he would. Bo and I are sending you $20.00 now and if you need more, wire us and we will get it somehow. Bo cried like a baby when he read your letter. I worked 1½ days at the skating rink and I just had to force myself to it. We couldn't wire last night as they had to call up Topeka first. We will meet you at Emporia if you come out the same train as Harold. But Lewis is here now waiting for me to finish this letter. I haven't seen Minnie Stock since you left but think will go down this afternoon. Well Ida I will close for this time. Be sure and write and tell me when you are coming and everything.

With Love
Roy

Friday morning

Dear Roy:

Well it is just getting day light. I don't know what time it is. I am in Norwalk. I couldn't think very clear when I was writing yesterday. I was so upset about Harold. I can see that he would have to have an antendent day and night. This hospital (for the insane) will send him back with severl others to the nearest place at home. I suppose that would be Winfield. But they will start soon. So you will probably have to wire this Sanatarium at Norwalk. If we could just have him at home. But we couldnt. He is dangerious. They tell me things that make me scared, things he did before they took him out here. I don't know what to do. You see the officials there and anything you do will be alright. I feel like if I could see him everyday I could help him. But they won't let us keep him in an ordanery hospital. I am going to see today if they will let me see him anymore and if they will not I am coming home. I cant sleep. I even take asperins and I just forced myself to eat a few bites yesterday afternoon. I drank my coffee. I only eat once all day not another bite or anything. My God Roy I will never question your judgement again. You didn't want him to come and I thought it would be the finest thing in the world for him. But I know home sickness and the pain of that tooth is what drove him insane. And I will never forgive myself. I thought of his poor drawn face, and how he seemed for a [minute] to be so happy when I said mother is going to take you home. Oh do something and do it quick. Its terrible being alone in a place like this. I walked the floor and thought I would go wild. But I can understand what he went through, a whole month of it. I hate to go out today because I know they will not let me see him and they will want me to sign those pappers.

I want to see him and yet it wracks me so I can't hardly stand it.

You see if we had money and could pay they would let me have more privelages. But of course they cant let people go and come because they keep all doors locked and bars every place. He never did get his tooth pulled. It got alright they said.

Roy I wrote that this morning and it is almost night now. I went out to the hospital this afternoon. You will have my telegram by this time but I will explain better. This State is sending several out of here and Dr. Rose said it would be months before they would again. He didn't think our county would stand the expenses they would be so great. But this State will send him to Emporia then we would have to have some one capable of taking him on to Winfield or which place. Roy he absolutly has to be in a place like that. So we just as well make up our minds to stand it. You are to see Stagie or some one and wire this Hospital and let them know about sending him. He will be close so if he ever gets better we can see him. They wouldn't let me today they said he was awful after I left yesterday. So I am starting home in the morning on the bus. I would rather come on the train but [this] way takes less effort. This man in the bus station is sure good to me. When he heard where I was staying he called up and got for me an awful nice room and had the minister go and get my suit case away from that place. Just teachers where I stay tonight so Ill be alright.

Ida

Eureka Kan
Monday Nov. 2

Dear Ida,

Got your letter to day at 12:30 sure was glad u got through all rite, honey. I will let Leonard tell u just what Dr. Beggs told Demma.

Ida Dr. Beggs told Demma that . . . what he needed was medical attention and [to be] put on a special diet. He said that the stuff they used in killing the nerve (the shots) was more than likely the cause as he had people to go into spasam and hysterics when he gave them different kinds of shots. He said that there was lots of those kind of cases. But what he needed most was a special diet and to get that stuff worked out of his system. They naturally are not going to be out any more than they can help on him out there so just do the best you can till we get him back here.

Bo and Roy come every time they hear from u. Every one around here says as soon as that poison gets out of [his] system he will gain weight and be O.K., honey. Essie Summer Knowles daughter of Louise Habel is in Norwalk running the bigest cafe. I wish u could find them.

Ida, there is a man here that is in mighty near the same thing and they are pulling his teeth as fast as his system will stand it and Paul Kent mighty near lost his sight and they are pulling his teeth and he told me that [he] was seeing better already. The bad teeth affected all the others. That stuff allways settles some place. So don't worry so much. We all feel that as soon as they get that poison out of him so he can gain some weight he'll be OK. Well I'll go mail this.

Dad and Mom

honey, Leonard is going to mail this so u will get it rite away.

2WZ X 21 COLLECT 8 EXTRA ATTEMPT
TO DELR FROM A UNSUCCESSFUL
NO FONE
NORWALK CALIF 445P NOV 4 1936
ROY SITWELL
EUREKA KANS
HAROLD SITWELL WILL NEED HOSPITAL CARE AMBULANCE NOT REQUIRED FOR HIS TRANSPORTATION
EDWIN WHITE MED SUPT
807A

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17WX X 18 COLLECT
NORWALK CALIF 921 NOV 5 1936
ROY SITWELL
EUREKA KANS
HAROLD SITWELL IS IN STATE OF COLLAPSE HE MAY DIE HE CANNOT BE MOVED AT THIS TIME

EDWIN WHITE MED SUPT
106P

4WZ X 9 NM COLLECT 24 AND 54
TD S NORWALK CALIF NOV 5 1936
ROY SITWELL
EUREKA KANSAS
AHROLD SITWELL DIED THIS EVENING WIRE BURIAL INSTRUCTION

EDWIN WHITE MEDICAL SUPT
815A

NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL

Norwalk, California
November 7, 1936

Mr. Roy Sitwell
Eureka, Kansas

In re: Harold Sitwell

Dear Sir:

This letter is to inform you of the particulars regarding your son's passing away. He continued very hyperactive and resistive and showed no material physical change from that present when he was seen by his mother until the night of November 4th, from which time he failed very rapidly and was in a state of coma from early morning of November 5th until his death at eight-thirty that evening, when he quietly passed away without recovering consciousness. During this time he gave no evidence of any physical pain and I believe he suffered none.

I regret that we were unable to do more for your son and wish to extend to you and your family my sympathy in your bereavement.

Very truly yours,
Edwin White
Medical Superintendent

MJR:NH

Mrs. H. A. Cook
Bushton, Ks.
Nov. 9 36

My Dear Mrs. Stock—

Well I guess you have rec'd my other letter by this time but just rec'd a card from Mrs. Davidson telling me of Harold's death. Oh how my heart aches for Ida and Roy giving up their only child and Mrs. D. said Roy was taking it so hard too. I want to write them but can't find a card of sympathy to sen them.

Mrs. D. said they want to bring Harold back here for burial if can raise the money. Say if they haven't enough money raised yet you put this 1.00 in for us as I must do something to help them and if they don't need it that way use it to get flowers for him and tell Ida when its all over I will write her a long letter. I am so full of sorrow for her I cant hardly see to write . . . . Closing I remain with love as ever

Mrs. H. A. Cook

Wichita, Kansas
Sunday Nov. 15, 1936

Dear Ida and Roy:—

I cannot tell you how my heart aches for you, after reading in the Eureka Herald of Harold's death. How lonely and lonesome you are. Of course I cannot really sympathize with you as one who had gone through the same but I have been trying to. Why did this have to be? Someday you will understand.

All I can say is I am thinking of you and trying to realize how terrible you feel, and my heart goes out to you in sympathy. Am so glad you could bring him home . . . . I wish you were clost so we could be together and visit often. Do hope Roy has work. Times has been so hard on every one do hope they improve.

Well here is wishing you the best of everything and my heart is aching for you and ever thinking of you.

With love
Floss

Write me
1021 Pattie Ave.

NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL
Norwalk, California

November 16, 1936

To Board of Harold Sitwell
from October 27, 1936 to November 5, 1936
@ $20.00 per month $6.56

TO
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sitwell
Eureka
Kansas

THE T.W.P. OIL COMPANY
ORPHEUM BUILDING
Wichita, Kansas

Tuesday

Dear Roy:

I wish to extend my sympathy to you and Mrs. Sitwell. I know from my own experience about these sad times which come to all of us.

I regret very much about my being out of Wichita so much the last several weeks. I did not get your letter until yesterday and would have been gald to have helped you.

I am returning your telegram as thought you might like to keep it. I thought it was very nice of the boys around Eureka to help you the way they did and it shows that you have many friends.

Clarence

Nov. 17–36
Van Nuys, Calif.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sitwell

I just received a letter from mother telling of Harolds death.

I am very sorry for you and if there is anything I can do for you out here please dont hesitate to ask me as your Son was my Friend. May I keep the book a little while longer I will take good care of it. If you don't mind. I sent the clothes but forgot his hammer and blanket. Let me know if that is all that I missed I will send them right away.

I was working late and never got the clothes sent as soon as I might. But trusting you will forgive.

I remain
Your friend
Eddie Duprey

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Long Beach, Calif.
Nov. 22, 1936

Dear Friends:

I never was so shocked in my life, as I was when I read in the messenger paper about Harold. I thought he was doing fine. He was doen to see us when he was out here about a week. We all went down to the beach we had a nice visit.

He said he was working nothing steady but thought something might develope. I told him I would look out for something good and if he ran out of work to come back down, and if he needed any help to be sure and let me know. He was feeling fine when he was here he thought about haveing you and Roy come out here.

We all had lunch and dinner to-gether and he played with Jerry he said he would like to live out here. Do you suppose this low climate had anything to do with it?

You have our deepest sympathies.

Virginia Bob and Jerry Anne Dawson

La Mesa, Calif.
Dec 2, 1936

Dear Roy and Ida:

Glenn is writing. I will try to add a line, to express my sympathy. We th't of Harold and talked of you folks so much after the folks told us of Harold's sickness and th't we might get to look hum up when we got here and then got word of his death. Such a going seems very unjust and cruel to us poor human beings as I can know from experience of my own, and all we can do is to try to have Faith and assure our selves that it is for the best, which is a hard thing to do. But time will help to heal your sorrow and heart ache so do not grieve too much and try to believe that Harold is resting in Peace and safe from all suffering, which must be so.

We think we are going to like it out here fine, but wish we did not have to be so far from our folks and feel quite anxious about Glenn's Dad. The boys like their school work, and are seeing and learning lots of new things.

If you lived out here, Ida you wouldn't have to keep paking the fires, altho' it has been cool enough in the evenings and mornings for a bit of heat in the gas burner, Jim says he would like to see some snow once in a while at least at Xmas . . . .

Edna

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
DEPARTMENT OF INSTITUTIONS
Sacramento

TO: Mr. & Mrs. Sitwell
Eureka
Kansas

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATIVE TO THIS STATEMENT SHOULD REFER TO BILL NUMBER 27991

December 14, 1936

FOR TRANSPORTATION CHARGES OF
Harold Sitwell

TO Norwalk State Hospital

BALANCE PAST DUE
PLEASE REMIT

first notice 8.84

ALL REMITTANCES TO BE MADE PAYABLE TO STATE DEPARTMENT OF INSTITUTIONS, 343 STATE OFFICE BUILDING, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Long Beach, Calif.
Dec. 15, 1936

Dear Friends,

We were so glad to get your letter. You see, we didn't know any of the particulars of Harold's illness. It doesn't seem possible yet. It seems like such a short time ago since we saw him well and happy.

I'm awfully sorry we didn't get your card. I can't understand why we didn't. Norwalk is only 15 miles from Long Beach. It seems a shame for you to have been so close and not get to see you. We would liked for you to visit with us a few days. It would have done you so much good.

We didn't take any pictures of Harold when he was here. I certainly wish we had. I know it would have meant a lot to you.

You must try to think Harold's going was for the best. It was God's plan you know.

We were surely surprised to hear Lois is married again. I hope she will be happy.

I wish you could see Jerry. Harold thought she was awfully pretty. He couldn't get over how she had grown. You know she wasn't walking when we left Eureka. She made right up with him, too.

Jerry is "fussing" so will close.

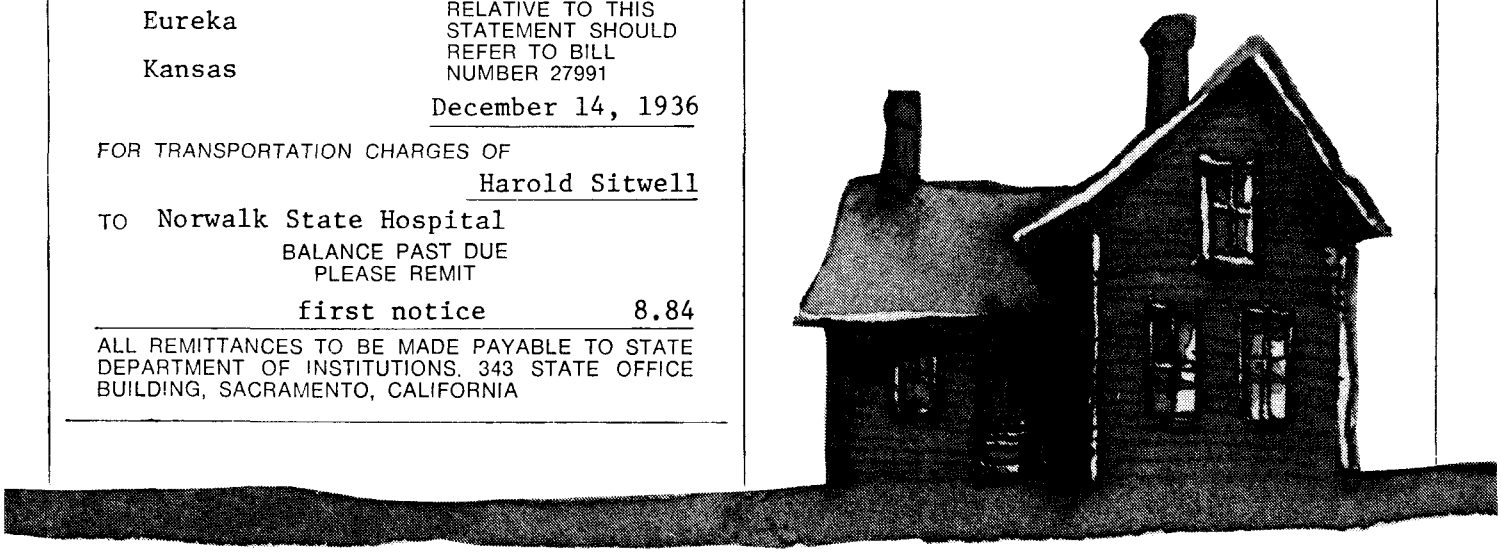
As ever,
Your friends,
Virginia, Bob
and Jerry Anne

NORWALK STATE HOSPITAL
Norwalk, California

December 19, 1936

To Board of Harold Sitwell
from October 27, 1936 to November 5, 1936
@ $20.00 per month $ 6.56

TO
Mr. & Mrs. Roy Sitwell
Eureka
Kansas



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SR REVIEWS Books

Movie Books: The Good, The Bad, And The Ugly

BY JOSEPH KANON

Movie books used to come in small packages. There were some elevated fan magazine picture collections, a run of movie star autobiographies (usually "as told to" somebody), a few reports from writers who'd gone Hollywood, made a pile, then retreated back East for safety, and some earnest sociological looks at what was then very much an "industry." But for the most part Hollywood was a literary side issue, its chief asset those whopping prices it paid to "vulgarize" the volumes of supposedly sensitive prose that cluttered bookstores like so many untouched rubies. Now all that's changed, of course. "Film studies" have swept across the campuses like prairie fire, directors have become cultural heroes, and no bookstore worth its salt is without a Cinema section (occasionally lumped under Theater as a testimony to resistance). Movie books have become a genre, almost as prevalent as mysteries and cookbooks. At Christmas, especially, the evidence is unmistakable—all those great glittering bins of books on everything from Biograph days to Warners' musicals to close-frame analyses of Antonioni's tennis game in *Blow-Up*.

The curious thing is that in their rush to meet the apparent demand for these books, publishers have become like nothing so much as the old studio factories, churning out tons of bilge for every decent product. In fact, a good many of the new crop of movie books fall right into the familiar formulas: The Remake, often bordering on reverence for the silent years; The Problem Picture, here confined to the pyrotechnics of the tiresome *auteur* debate; and, as always, The Star Vehicle. Presentation runs to formula as well, and the current hot favorites are lavish picture books and bound tape recordings (no doubt some clever graduate student with an eye to the future and a good term grade is already preparing a thesis on the role of the cassette in film scholarship). But if this recent glut of movie books is not exactly an embarrassment of riches, it is at least a wealth of material, and for anyone who cares about movies it has been a long time coming. Now it is a matter of separating the good from the bad.

The good, however, is not always where one expects to find it. Among the least satisfying of all movie books are those that lay claim to serious historical examination or high-minded preservation. One of the more mysterious of these is *The American Film Heritage* (Acropolis Books, $17.50; paperback, $4.95), a potpourri of thirty-four short articles based on various films in the Washington, D.C.-based American Film Institute collection. The whole thing has the severe air of grand institutional purpose, from the leatherette binding (like high school yearbooks) to the foreword by senior citizen Gregory Peck (who once objected to filming *Tender Is the Night*, reports David O. Selznick, because there was "no point in making a picture about people who contributed nothing to the American scene"). The worthiness of the AFI, of course, is beyond reproach. When it was established in 1967, more than half the films produced in America prior to 1950 were simply no longer in existence, victims of self-disintegrating nitrocellulose-based film (nonflammable acetate did not become standard until 1952). The AFI has been busy restoring what remains, but, unfortunately, an air of necromancy has seeped into this book. There are a few fairly interesting accounts of little-known films, but too much of the book reads like a corporate progress report, and its own introductory description, "essentially a sampler," is little more than an excuse for its formlessness and lack of *raison d'être* (nor is the writing good enough to justify this impressionistic walk-through-the-yellow-pages approach). It tries to capture everything about movies except their vitality.

Joseph Kanon is an associate book review editor of SR.

Movie Books Reviewed

THE AMERICAN FILM HERITAGE: Impressions from The American Film Institute Archives. By Tom Shales, et al. Illustrated. 194 pages. Acropolis Books. $17.50; paperback $4.95.

THE COMPLETE GREED. Compiled and annotated by Herman G. Weinberg. Illustrated. Unpaginated. Arno Press. $50.

THOSE GREAT MOVIE ADS. By Joe Morella, Edward Z. Epstein, and Eleanor Clark. Illustrated. 320 pages. Arlington House. $14.95.

THE MGM YEARS. By Lawrence B. Thomas. Illustrated. 138 pages. Columbia House. $14.95.

THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK. By Arlene Croce. Illustrated. 191 pages. Outerbridge & Lazard. $9.95.

THE IMAGE MAKERS: Sixty Years of Hollywood Glamour. By Paul Trent. Designed by Richard Lawton. Illustrated. 327 pages. McGraw-Hill. $20.

MEMO FROM DAVID O. SELZNICK. Selected and edited by Rudy Behlmer. Illustrated. 518 pages. Viking. $15.

MORE ABOUT ALL ABOUT EVE. By Joseph L. Mankiewicz (colloquy by Gary Carey). 357 pages. Random House. $7.95.

ON CUKOR. By Gavin Lambert. Illustrated. 276 pages. Putnam. $8.95.

TALLULAH. By Brendan Gill. Illustrated 287 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $25.

MARION DAVIES. By Fred Lawrence Guiles. Illustrated. 419 pages. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

MILLER'S HIGH LIFE. By Ann Miller, with Norma Lee Browning. Illustrated. 283 pages. Doubleday. $7.95.

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Much the same is true, but in a more interesting way, of *The Complete Greed* (Arno Press, $50), a reconstruction of von Stroheim's 1924 masterpiece in 348 still photos taken from the existing prints (the original length is reputed to have been between fifty-four and fifty-seven reels, a second cut —from which these stills are taken—ran forty-two reels, and the version actually released, only ten). It is unquestionably the most important restoration book of the year and an "event" (though somehow one wishes it had not been dedicated to cinema's "holy grail"). Yet it raises some intriguing questions about the value of this kind of book in the first place. This is not even a pale imitation of the original—the transference from motion to still pictures has placed it in another medium entirely, and without the vitality, characterization, and sense of visual excitement a film provides, one wonders just what one is supposed to respond to in these photographs. The film's activity here becomes visual crowding, so that in the end the book is like a dull and listless ramble through somebody's picture album, interesting only in its old-fashioned detail and dress. This is the ghost of *Greed*, impressive in the sheer weightiness of its homage but unable (inevitably) to give us more than wisps of clues to the greatness of its subject.

It is almost refreshing to turn to something as trashy as *Those Great Movie Ads* (Arlington House, $14.95), a frankly nostalgic grab bag of posters and newspaper ads that is as much fun ("Sometimes men will do ANYTHING for a woman . . . and she was that kind of woman") as it is worthless. The book is just what you'd expect it to be and no more, but in its humble way it's a good deal more amusing than most of the coffee table thumb-throughs that are crowding the movie book shelves. Among all those "Colossals" and exclamation marks, you do run into things like, "Don't judge her by the way she looks . . . or by the things she does to her Sister!"—and who could resist that? Something like *The MGM Years* (Columbia House, $14.95), on the other hand, is trashy in an unforgivable way. This is a sleazy compendium of stills, cast lists, and page-filling comments covering forty MGM musicals from 1939 to 1971—exactly the sort of book that eventually comes to rest on remainder tables and makes one sigh for lost opportunity.

The danger in these glossy, large-format productions is that they lead the reader to suspect that all heavily illustrated movie books are of a piece. On first glance, for instance, *The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book* by Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95) seems to have been produced for a tacky, movie buff trade. It is smaller than most picture books (7⅞" x 8¾"), the quality of its photographs is very uneven, and the gimmick of corner-page photographs that show Fred and Ginger dancing if you flip them like a thumb nickelodeon makes one suspect the worst. But no matter. A good book, like murder, will out, and this is a very good book indeed. Croce, who edits *Ballet Review*, knows a good deal about dance, and she seems to know everything about the ten movies Astaire and Rogers made together. The outline she adopts for each movie is rigid—The Film, The Numbers, The Production — but she brings to it a gusto, versatility, and grace that remind one of the way Astaire and Rogers dealt with their own rigid plot formulas. Her basic theme is that "in those years dancing was transformed into a vehicle of serious emotion between a man and a woman," but she doesn't browbeat us with it. On the contrary, this book is clearly a labor of love and, luckily for us, it reads like one. Croce seems in such perfect touch with her subjects that she approaches their lightness and charm: anecdotes, insights, gossip, and hard information are served up in prose that is smooth and witty (she sees *Top Hat*'s Venice "as a kind of celestial powder room"), and the writing positively soars when she describes the dance numbers themselves. For all its cool, critical intelligence, there is magic stuff here, alert to the special nature of its subject, and it makes Croce's modest book stand out like a blue moon event in writing about movies.

Probably the most lavish of the big picture books of the season is *The Image Makers: Sixty Years of Hollywood Glamour* (McGraw-Hill, $20), a luxurious romp through studio portraits of the stars from the silents to the Sixties. The book is conveniently divided by decade to reinforce its point about the change in photographic emphasis (by the Fifties all that brocade and satin gave way to casual brick walls), and there is even a brief account of the portrait photographers and their place in the studio system; but most readers will probably head straight for the dessert course and gorge on all those profiles and come-hither looks. Each era is introduced by one of those "moving right along now with the decade, folks" texts in which *Oklahoma!* shares equal billing with Hiroshima and the photographs range from the time-

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lessly beautiful (Garbo) to the quietly hilarious: Dorothy Lamour chained to a vase, Ann Sheridan with bedroom eyes so heavy lidded they're practically asleep, and Lana Turner in poses even a sweater wouldn't help.

In the Thirties, before all the squabbling started over who actually creates movies (the expression *auteur* was coined in 1946 by Benoit-Levy, but not in general circulation until the *Cahiers* crowd took it up in the late Fifties),

Ann Sheridan

it was the producer who was most visibly responsible. And with the possible exception of Irving Thalberg, who has by now become too mythic to count (and this despite all those dreary Norma Shearer vehicles), the most creative and dynamic of these was David O. Selznick (the O was chosen to round out the name). *Memo from David O. Selznick*, selected and edited by Rudy Behlmer (Viking, $15), is a collection of memos, letters, and telegrams culled from almost 2,000 file boxes of correspondence, and it is one of the most remarkable inside looks at film production ever published. Ranging from the early days at MGM in 1926 to a memo dated 1962 (three years before his death), this correspondence becomes a kind of wiretapping of Hollywood decision making during its most productive years.

Selznick was born and bred into the movie business: his father was a silent-film producer, his brother became a top agent, his first wife was the daughter of Louis B. Mayer. There is scarcely any mention of his private life in these memos, but one gets the impression, given the intensity of his involvement with the work, that it was largely an extension of his life in the front office. He was concerned with everything: casting, financing, sound tracks, and the question of plucking Vivien Leigh's eyebrows (he said no, and brought back a style). He worked at Paramount, RKO, and MGM, producing *Dinner at Eight*, *Anna Karenina*, and *David Copperfield* (among others) before branching out on his own. When he did, he made *Gone With the Wind* and movie history. The memos dealing with GWTW form the most extensive, and most interesting, part of the book, not just because they deal with issues that are now Hollywood legends—is there anyone who isn't familiar with the casting scramble for Scarlett O'Hara?—but because they demonstrate Selznick at the height of his powers, the period when he was truly an *auteur*, never losing sight of the whole as he ploughed through writers, directors, protests from the Daughters of the Confederacy, and stratagems to prod a score out of Max Steiner. It was, perhaps, the kind of film only a producer could have authored—the triumph lay in organization. But once having moved onto the set, he couldn't stay away. The later years are marked by a series of rows with directors (including the famous firing of John Huston from *A Farewell to Arms*), and a restless dissipation of energy into projects he could not fully control. For the most part, however, the memos here are full of confidence and strength, and they take in just about everything, from chewing out employees to meeting Alfred Hitchcock ("he's not a bad guy, shorn of affectations, although not exactly a man to go camping with") to scolding Sam Goldwyn. Often dictated in the early hours of the morning, they are nevertheless remarkably readable, filled with emotion and a narrative sense, the off-hours products of a writer whose formal work (numerous collaborations and rewrites) often went, by request, uncredited.

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who both writes and directs, should qualify by definition for *auteur* status, but one rarely hears his name tossed around with the likes of Raoul Walsh, probably because his work is considered more theatrical than cinematic, more talk than action (the *auteur* pantheon, first erected in France, shows a blithe indifference to English dialogue). The talk, however, is something special. His *All About Eve* was the first screenplay ever published (1951), and it is now being reissued, along with a "colloquy" with Gary Carey, in *More About All About Eve* (Random House, $7.95). *Eve* is probably the most celebrated "line" script in movie history (some are said to be able to quote it verbatim, and even the least of these can manage Margo's party-opening line, "Fasten your seatbelts. It's going to be a bumpy night"). Its special brand of urbane wit is apparent everywhere in Mankiewicz's interview; he even seems to talk in aphorisms, and never with more polish than when he's being malicious: "What greater legacy, after all, could Scott Fitzgerald have left Sheilah Graham than her delusion of literacy?" The talk is about *Eve*, of course, but it opens up a whole Pandora's box of interesting comments on acting, Hollywood, and the underside of the theatrical ego. The polish has its disadvantages; Mankiewicz reworked and expanded parts of the interview so that while we get the "written" feeling of a book (without its shape or direction), we lose the unguarded immediacy that is an interview's sole virtue.

Gavin Lambert's interviews with director George Cukor, *On Cukor* (Putnam $8.95), mercifully get the *auteur* question out of the way at the outset. Cukor says, "The whole *auteur* theory disconcerts me . . . I have too much respect for good writers to think of taking over that job." Then Lambert proceeds to convince Cukor that he is *too* an *auteur*, and they finally pass it off as a question of definitions. *On*

Dorothy Lamour

Cukor doesn't pretend to be more than another collection of interviews, but since the two are friends, highly articulate, and among the best in the business, the form works—it's what one always hopes from talk shows and so rarely gets, an informative eavesdropping on two people worth listening to. The book is arranged by film—*Bill of Divorcement*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Born Yesterday*, and on and on—with out-takes on general topics, and it's pleasant reading. Long known as an "actor's director," Cukor talks, not surprisingly, about the many he has directed, and he offers perhaps the best

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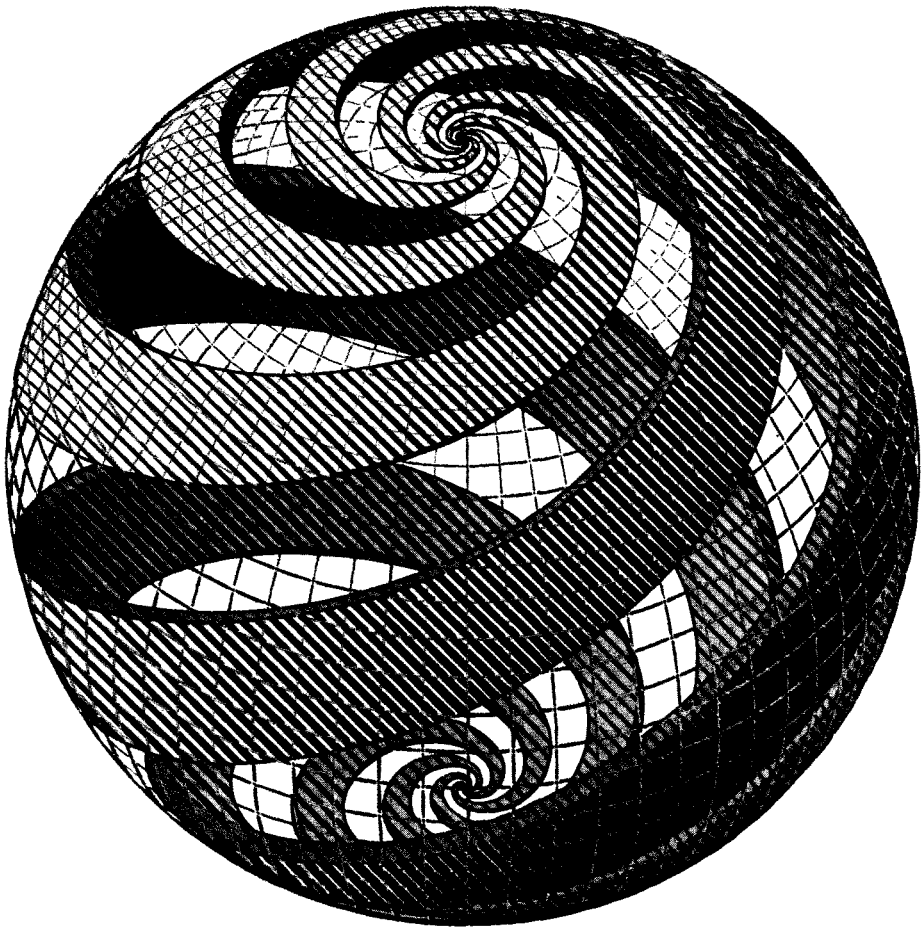
Disturbing questions; but the wrong answers, or no answers at all are even worse.



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explanation yet of why the question of his *auteur* style need come up at all: "My work really begins and ends through the actors. And it seems to me, the more successfully you work through the actors, the more your own work disappears."

To the general public, the question of who matters has never been in doubt—people wanted to know who those unnamed faces *were* in the early one-reelers, and they've been asking ever since. Enter The Star Vehicle. Tallulah Bankhead belongs to the theater, of course, not the movies. Despite a surprising total of eighteen films (four of them silents), her movie career was a disappointing one, partly as a result of studio mismanagement (they wanted another Dietrich) and partly because she preferred the stage. (Cukor has another idea: "Her eyes were not eyes for movies . . . they looked somehow hooded and dead.") Nevertheless, she was one of the few who managed to parlay a career in the theater into the kind of fame (or notoriety) normally associated with movie stars, and, in the end, she became that rare thing, a "personality" (in the very end she also became, sadly, a joke). Brendan Gill's *Tallulah* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $25), then, is very much a star vehicle, and the most interesting thing about it is its account of what happens when fame becomes dissociated from performance, when a star is simply "on" all the time. It was a problem Tallulah faced (and often fostered) for most of her life. With the exception of *The Little Foxes* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, none of her roles seemed "big enough" for her and eventually, without a steady stream of plays to maintain the image of a working actress, she became a name, a mannerism, and a voice, her notices often confined to the gossip columns.

Personalities, however, make undeniably good copy—their lives, in a sense, are movies—and the unfortunate thing about *Tallulah* is how little Gill makes of it. With all the exhaustively researched biographies thrown at us these days, it is surprising to complain that a biography offers too little information; but *Tallulah* treats its raucous subject with such sketchy lighthandedness that we end up with only fragments of the sound and practically none of the fury. Outsized, illustrated with 300 photographs, and lavish to a degree, *Tallulah* seems an obvious attempt to cash in on last year's successful *Cole* (for which Gill wrote the introduction), and, as such, probably represents a trend in packaging show biz books for better coffee tables. But *Cole* was an homage to a career (at its core were the wonderful Porter lyrics) and a nostalgic gift box; Tallulah Bankhead's career is of a different, almost unrecordable, sort—since nothing recalls a performance but memory, the reviews and playbills here are reproduced to no advantage—and the photographs suggest not so much nostalgia as a still-life series recording decay. Their interest lies in what they suggest about Tallulah's *life*, and we want them fleshed out by the text, put in chronological motion. What is more, the deft, easy feeling of the text is often in such opposition to the ravages of the pictures that we feel cheated by the gap—as if, like children, we are only being told what's good for us. This is a biographical sketch with no texture, promising more than it delivers, for all its

Tallulah Bankhead

affection and the fine tissue and ribbons of its wrappings.

Still, one can't help but feel kindly towards *Tallulah* when one encounters something as pretentious, high-blown, and ultimately silly as Fred Lawrence Guiles's *Marion Davies* (McGraw-Hill, $8.95). This is something of a new variation on the star biography, and it has all the feel, from its elegant binding to its high seriousness of purpose, of a chilling new wave. Guiles belongs to the "what kind of eggs they served for breakfast" school of biographical data piling, and he serves it all up with the solemnity usually reserved for books about Queen Victoria. Moreover, he is a man with a mission — setting the image of Marion Davies at rights with the world. One gets the impression that a thousand tongues have been wagging all these years over the *truth* about Marion Davies. With all the ax grinding going on in this book, the truth isn't to be found here either, but it

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does at least provide an outline of fact: a New York chorus girl (indeed, a Ziegfeld girl), Marion Davies became W. R. Hearst's mistress in 1916 and remained so till the end of his life (1951). Unwilling to make her his wife (ostensibly for political reasons), he made her a star, financing and promoting a string of comedies and costume dramas through the Twenties and Thirties. Along the way she became the richest woman in Hollywood and its most celebrated hostess, throwing lavish parties at Hearst's castle, San Simeon—parties that seemed to become Hollywood legends even as the last guests were pulling out of the driveway. But it was not so much an American fairy tale as an American melodrama, ripe for the satire it eventually received in 1940 when *Citizen Kane* was released. That film, with its role of the weak, alcoholic mistress, Susan Alexander, ruined Marion Davies's reputation (according to Guiles, at any rate), and the rest of the story is pretty much one of sordid decline, punctuated by some admirable philanthropy.

Guiles's pitch is that Marion was a nice, fun-loving girl and a fine actress who got a raw deal both by Hearst and, what is worse, posterity. "I was no great actress," Marion said in later years, but Guiles's major contention is that she was a very good actress indeed, and in his harping on this point he manages to avoid or just ignore the really interesting part of this story—her complicated relationship with Hearst. Guiles somehow assumed Hearst would play a minor role in this "career" biography, but, like the professional scene stealer he was, W. R. keeps taking over the page — almost buying London Bridge, writing syrupy Victorian love poems, creating his own spy network to keep tabs on Marion, touring Europe in those expeditionary forces all too reminiscent of the *Kane* forced-drive picnic. He overshadows the book just as he overshadowed Marion's life, and Guiles's emphasis on the movie career seems more lopsided as the book goes on (when Hearst threatened to quit movie production, Marion apparently declared she would quit as well: "I've done this just to please you"). He has taken the story of the most celebrated mistress of our time and turned it into a eulogy for a string of nearly forgotten films.

Moreover, the book does a disservice to Marion Davies even on its own terms. What are we to make of things like: "it would be a problem of Marion's throughout her life that she rarely could connect with outside events," or "sex was just another form of pleasure to her and less exhilarating than a fast

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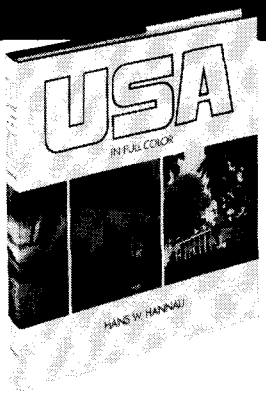

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WIT TWISTER NO. 302

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Too — — — is she to treat an off-hand kiss

As harbinger of longed-for wedded bliss,

Or — — — sweet floods of fantasied romance

From any man's bluff — — — or friendly glance.

A.S.

Answer is on page 71.

FRASER YOUNG

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1529

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1529 will be found on page 71.

OA OW UMA SUMYZI AM QS

ILFFP: OA OW USRSWWLEP,

OU LKKOAOMU, AILA MAISW

UMA QS.

BSULEK

BUY
U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

Charleston or even a particularly gamey joke." Really? This great mountain of data finally works against itself, chipping away that pedestal Guiles is so anxious to erect ("Marion craved sensation in a sensation-drugged age, and she found it"). With no feeling for either the woman or the relationship that dominated her life, we are left with the tragicomic plot of a "B" melodrama acted out in life. When her ailing dog had to be put away, Marion went into a rage and flung her cosmetic bottles against the wall. When a review "seemed wrong to her," she had Hearst fix it. After Hearst's death and a traumatic spurning by his family, she married a retired sailor, Horace Brown. " 'You're awful, Horace,' Marion would say, 'just plain awful,' and there was more than a hint of awe in her voice to back it up." No wonder. He turned the garden hose on visitors, pushed her sister Rose, confined to a wheelchair, into the pool, and shot out all the lights in the driveway. On another occasion he ripped out all the telephones—ostensibly to prevent Marion from making drunken telephone calls late at night to the Hearst paper in Los Angeles, where her monologues of advice were tape recorded by the staff to play back later "just for laughs." All this is more than sad—without any intelligent lead-up or character insight (Marion remains as blank as the eyes in her photographs), it becomes just cheap, a tabloid biography. It is difficult to tell which is responsible—Marion Davies's life or Guiles's treatment of it—but one is intrigued enough to wish it sorted out. Beneath all the hoo-ha of this new, high-style star biography is a good story waiting to be told.

There is nothing new, on the other hand, in *Miller's High Life* (Doubleday, $7.95), Ann Miller's "Hollywood Cinderella story" memoir (written "with" Norma Lee Browning) of how Lucille Collier tap danced her way from Texas to the Golden Years of MGM. This is, hands down, the camp book of the season, not just because Miss Miller, with her astonishing 500 taps a minute, is pretty camp herself these days but because it seems like every schlocky Hollywood memoir you've ever read rolled up into one.

A gypsy fortuneteller in a Texas bus station told her mother, "I see a Star of Destiny here," and that was good enough for mom. Of course, it was considerably harder for Ann, but at fourteen (she had to lie about her age) she was in the movies: bits, "B" pictures ("Queen of the Bees," as she says), then MGM. Louis B. Mayer took a . . . well, fatherly interest in her and, though he reportedly tried to commit suicide when she told him she was going to get married, she remains loyal to his memory still: "If he were alive today I'm sure he would go out and shoot the movie producers who are responsible for the kind of filth they're turning out now." But then Ann Miller is also loyal to her three ex-husbands (who beat her, one of them causing a miscarriage): "I believe in being nice to your ex-husbands. If they're nice enough to marry you, why not stay on friendly terms with them?"

One turns these pages with a growing wonder—can it *really* be on the level? But there is an element of straightforward wackiness here that kills suspicion of a put-on. After dealing with astrology and Ouija boards, for instance, there remains the question of reincarnation: "I believe in Reincarnation and every seer I've ever been to has told me that in most of my previous lives I have been a dancer. Most of them also have told me that I was Egyptian in my other lives, and I firmly believe this." Her reaction to Hollywood, however, is still more gee-whiz than mystic, and there is an up-tempo quality to this book that is finally irresistible, for all its inanity. She still gets a kick out of seeing her name in lights and seems genuinely grateful for the studio system that ruined so many others. In some curious way, perhaps she and Hollywood were made for each other. Certainly it seemed so when she bought a house after her first flush of success: "Mother let me spoil myself a bit when I did my bedroom. It was done all in white and deep pink—white satin curtains, throw pillows of red American rose. The walls were a faint shade of strawberry pink. I had a large dressing room with white rugs, a white bedspread trimmed in deep rose satin and mirrored walls and a dressing table in white satin. My dear friend Linda Darnell loved that room. She was always saying she wished her mother would let her have one like it." □

Three States of Mind

CITIES OF LIGHT AND SONS OF MORNING: A Cultural Psychology for an Age of Revolution. By Martin Green. 465 pages. Little, Brown. $15.

BY TODD GITLIN

Intellectuals love to scrutinize themselves: the social role itself is rich with the tensions and insecurities that generate what is called "the life of the mind," and the intellectual who is sensitive to conflict in the world is finally

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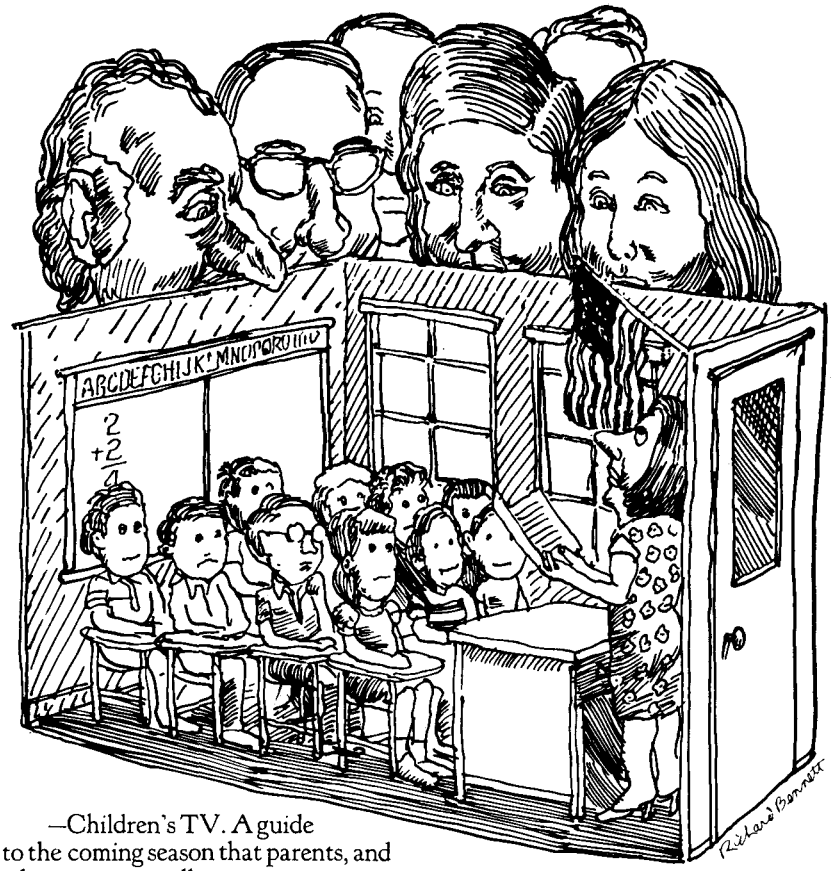

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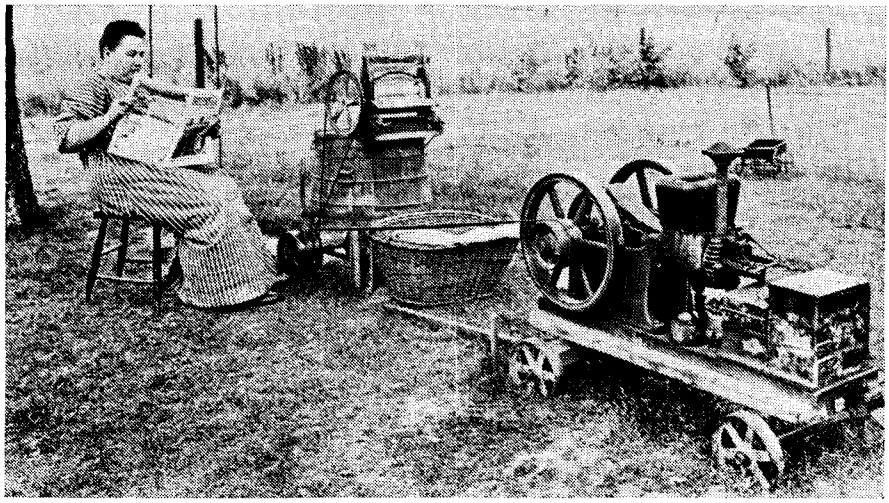
fascinated with his or her own. Marxists debate their class position, and Freudians sift through their darkened closets for self-justification and self-accusation. Martin Green is a literary critic who looks to historical cases for guidance. He is comfortable *with* history if not *in* it, and takes his political anxiety as the beginning of a curious and often fascinating excursion into the relationship between political and literary life throughout the revolutionary centuries in the West. I say "excursion" advisedly; there is much self-indulgent tourism here, but amidst the underbrush of Green's side arguments and diversions are a convincing point and an engaging self-revelation.

Green's main thesis is that intellectuals in politically turbulent times divide into three categories: the Faustian, the Erasmian, and the Calvinist. To put it too crudely—for Green is playfully ingenious within these categories—Faustians bargain their souls for personal powers; Erasmians bargain their energies for the pleasures of high culture; Calvinists bargain their freedom for membership in a heaven-storming troop. These categories refer to temperament rather than to political position—for example, there are radical and conservative Faustians (Norman Mailer and Freud, respectively)—and Green is right to insist that temperament defines political epochs more than mere opinion. Green's tripartite scheme may be as fruitful for intellectual life as Freud's was for the psyche (oddly enough, Green does not take up the tempting equations of Faustian and id, Erasmian and ego, Calvinist and superego), and though it could easily be reduced to cocktail-party chatter, Green keeps it supple and interesting. He convinces me of the convenience of his scheme, of its usefulness in comprehending the pulls on intellectuals. But there is something static, finally, in the rigidity of the division. Green slights the clash of these temperaments *within* an individual and the role of historical circumstance and events in pushing forward one or another tendency at a given time. Only in a discussion of the Cuban novelist Edmundo Desnoes's *Inconsolable Memories* does Green really explore these inner tensions, and yet this example illustrates the possibility of a dynamic model that, with a more solid grounding in history, could make his categories the pivot of a new de-



Motorized washing machine from The History of American Business & Industry

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY. By Alex Groner and the editors of American Heritage and Business Week Illustrated. 384 pages. American Heritage. $20.

GREAT STORIES OF AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN. From American Heritage Magazine. Illustrated. 382 pages. American Heritage. $15.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE: FREE AND NOT SO FREE. By Clarence H. Cramer. 728 pages. Little, Brown. $17.50

The American Heritage History of American Business and Industry is one of those lavishly illustrated assortments of fact and trivia that set out to make their subject not only fun but easy to understand. Nothing has been stinted on the visual aids: there are more than 300 illustrations, some of them nostalgic and most of them interesting, as well as boxed essays on specific topics and profiles of dynamic captains of industry. The story is a dramatic one, full of energy, inventiveness, and astonishing success, but the bland text, aimed at least in part at high school students, seems intent on offending nobody and remains unblemished by ideas. The emphasis is almost entirely on management so that, curiously, there are only passing references to the millions of workers who made all this industry possible.

Oddly enough, labor fares better in *Great Stories of American Businessmen*, an illustrated companion anthology of thirty-nine articles culled from *American Heritage*. The expected *dramatis personae* (Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford, J. P. Morgan) make their appearances, but so do the Lowell factory girls, the Grange movement, and the 1902 coal miners' strike. Perhaps because of the inevitable variety of the subject matter, the "businessmen" motif has been stretched to include inventors, peddlers, and social phenomena (the rise of the soda fountain, transcontinental railway dining, etc.), and the result is a richer, more interesting book. There is a nice, irreverent account of Vanderbilt's descendents fighting over his will, a breezy telling of the Florida land boom, and an altogether remarkable insert of an illustrated booklet put out in 1909 by the National Cash Register Company that suggests that an open cash drawer can lead to moral ruin, prison, and early death. Given the number of authors involved, the quality of the writing is as scattershot as the subject material. However, since such books are more dipped into than read, it hardly matters. You pays your money and takes your choice.

More of a textbook is Cramer's *American Enterprise: Free and Not So Free*, but a textbook, alas, without compensatory visuals—the sort of volume that prompts students to underline the topic sentences to keep track of the points immersed in the lulling prose. The sheer bulk of information suggests an undeniable worthiness, but Cramer's major theme seems to be the historical importance of government subsidies to business and since that's hardly a point of dispute, one wishes he had just said it straight out and had done with it. □

Todd Gitlin teaches politics and literature at the New College of California State University, San Jose. He is co-author of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago *and editor of* Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from the Movement.

SOLUTION OF THIS WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2019)

EDWARD HUGHES:
(ON THE) HOLY ROAD TO MECCA

Day in, and day out, no place on earth gets as much attention as this sprawling city in the sand. Five times each day—at dawn, midday, midafternoon, sunset and nightfall—Muslims everywhere face toward it for their prayers. And on any given day of the year, someone somewhere is beginning the journey to Mecca.

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Young, beautiful, clever and alone night after night, The Widow Clicquot was bound to think of something...

She did. La Veuve Clicquot discovered the art of remuage. The process by which sediment is removed from champagne.

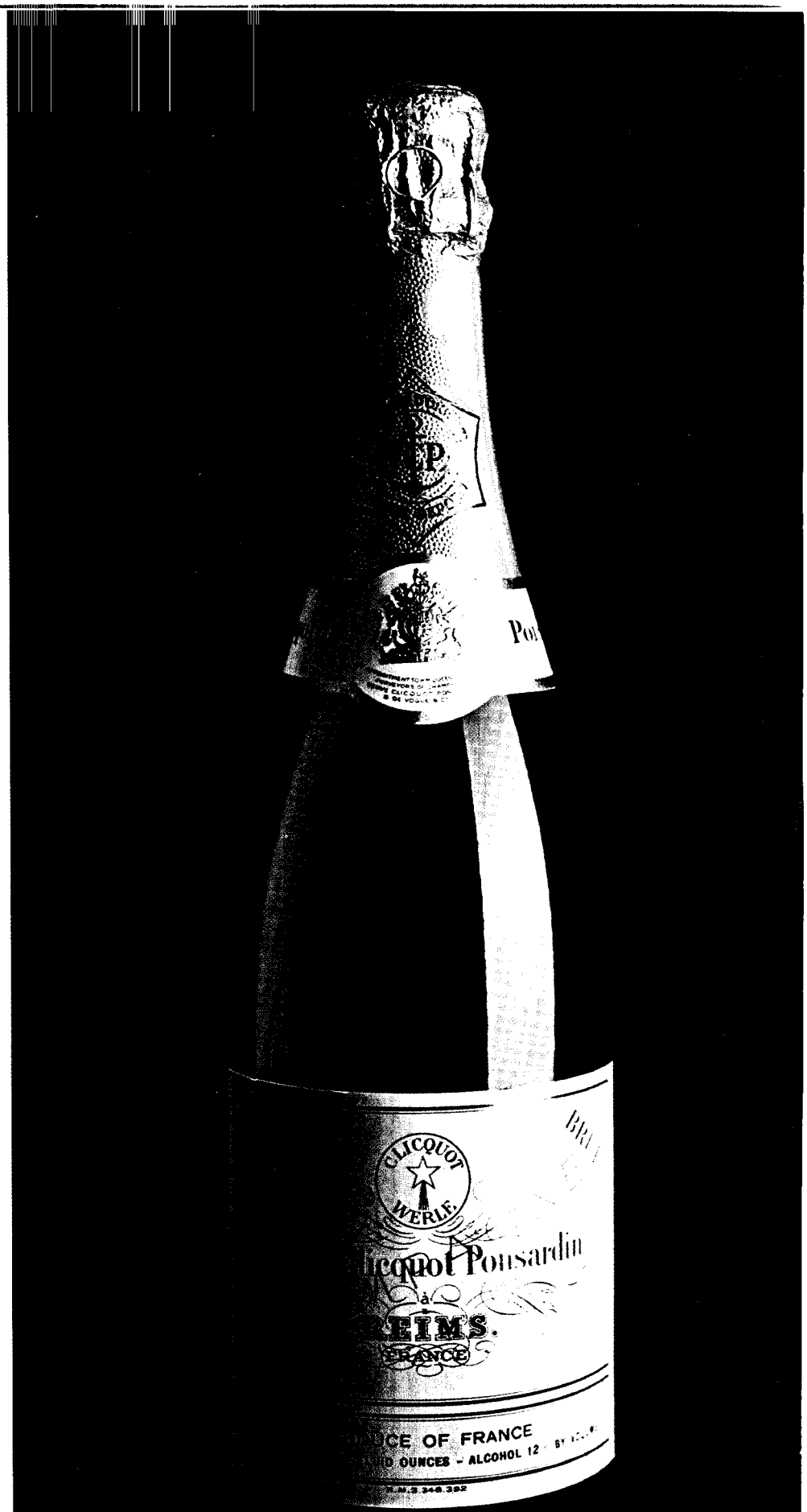
That was back in the early 1800's. By now everyone has duplicated it—the remuage, not her champagne.

That nobody can duplicate.

Ask for "The Widow." Make your own discovery.

Veuve Clicquot "The Widow" Champagnes

Extra Dry
Yellow Label Brut
Vintage Gold Label Brut
La Grande Dame



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The Curious Legend of La Dame Blanche

Long, long ago, in the Bordeaux region of France, there lived a handsome young Count.

The estate on which he lived had a truly remarkable vineyard, from which came one of the finest wines in all of France. This wine was treasured throughout the land and was a source of great pride to the young aristocrat.

The people all loved him, for he was very good to them, and the fine wine he produced brought prosperity to them all.

However, they were concerned about one thing.

He had not yet found a wife.

One day, the Count decided to take a holiday, and he journeyed to Morocco. There he met a beautiful Moorish princess with dark mysterious eyes and black silken hair.

And skin the color of dark topaz.

She was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he fell hopelessly in love with her. And she with him. And so they were married.

When the news of the beloved Count's marriage to a dark-skinned woman reached the people, they were dismayed. And when he brought her home, they turned their backs on her. Why couldn't he have married one of his own kind?

Despite this, the pair lived happily together until the Count died. Then, his loving wife did something that shocked everyone.

She came to the funeral dressed in white... the color of mourning of her native land.

No one in France had ever worn anything but black for mourning. Oh, she had strange ways, this dark foreign woman.

The bereaved Countess wore nothing but white for the rest of her life, for she had loved her husband very much. So much so that, in his tradition, she continued caring for the vineyard. Which, in turn, continued to produce the superb wine.

She was really a very kind woman, and, like her husband, treated the people well. Slowly, they began to accept her. And they learned to love her as much as they had the Count.

Later, when she died, they all came to her funeral to honor her.

And they came dressed in white.

Now, here is the curious part of the story.

Ever since the death of the Countess, on certain mornings at dawn, a strange white mist drifts across the meadow and surrounds the Chateau.

And the people seeing this phenomenon, say, "La Dame Blanche has returned".

So when the white mist appears, the people are happy to be reminded that La Dame Blanche remembers them.

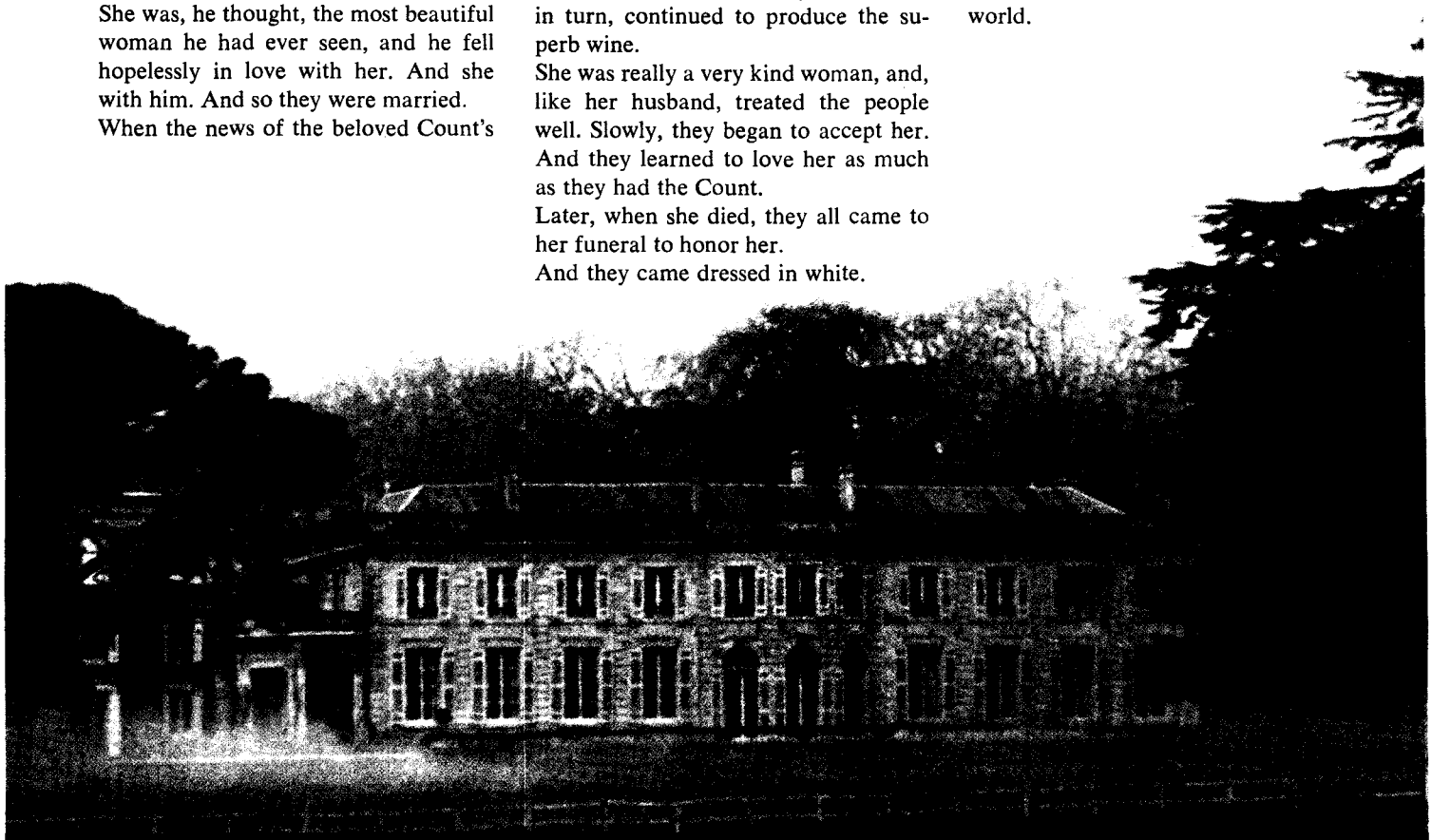
Today, the famous Cruse family occupies the Chateau. And their wine, now called Chateau La Dame Blanche, is still among the finest in all of France.

As is every wine that bears the Cruse crescent. Each with its own special story to tell.

Happily, the spirit of La Dame Blanche still prevails.

At the Chateau near Bordeaux.

And on some of the finest tables in the world.



Every Cruse wine has its own story to tell...it begins when you open the bottle.

Cruse

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parture in intellectual history.

Not content with a classification of individuals, Green goes on to argue that certain cities are defined by one of the three temperaments: thus the Faustian New York of Mailer, the Faustian London of Blake, the Erasmian Edinburgh of Sir Walter Scott, the Erasmian Weimar of Goethe, the Calvinist Geneva and Havana. On a tour through these cities Green stretches this variation a little thin: sometimes the cities are literal, at other times figurative (thus New York is described as the city of Leslie Fiedler and Timothy Leary, who, so far as I know, have spent most of their lives elsewhere). Green distracts from the authority of his categories when he tries to cram *Zeitgeist* into literal cities, except in one so relatively single-minded as Havana; but even when his is arbitrary, Green is always suggestive. He is at his best, though, with individuals, beginning and ending with himself.

His own perplexity, refreshingly undisguised, frames this book of Chinese boxes. Green himself is an English professor, a lifelong Erasmian who begins his book with his anxiety under the assaults of radical students and moral enthusiasms. He wants to be radical, is drawn to radical analyses of the world but not to the Faustian and Calvinist temperaments he takes to be necessary to change the world. "In an age of revolution," he says, "you have to change your ideology and—if you are to avoid acute discomfort—the temperament that goes with it. If you are heavily committed to the Erasmian temperament, you are in for trouble." Green is clear about this trouble, which he shares with many in the academy. He accepts "that a liberal position . . . is inadequate today." "I would like to put the virtues of the liberal temperament really at the service of the radical passion." He is honest enough to alert us to the fact that "my final formula, an Erasmian temperament but a radical position, is still trying to have things both ways . . . . Drowning in uncertainty again, I try to nail together a raft out of flotsam and jetsam." Flotsam and jetsam indeed: literary criticism, travel notes, historical research on great cities, on revolutionary Haiti, on English fortunes . . . . Green does not succeed in making all this relevant to his quest for peace of mind ("Erasmians make poor journalists," he says, not taking his own hint), but his personal concern is sufficiently focused to nail together his raft.

There is plenty to be interested in along the way: the problems of a revolutionary writer, the nature of occultisms, impressions of revolutionary temperament, the intricacies of the Faustian/Erasmian/Calvinist scheme. Green floats, and we float with him, admiring the scenery. I enjoy spending time with him. The question that must be asked in the end is whether the raft goes anywhere. Green believes his trajectory is spiral, not circular; he ends up more knowledgeably comfortable with his Erasmian discomfort: "A radical temperament means a disrespect for so many kinds of fact, and nonfact. It means the decay of the liberal illusion, the diminishment of imagination, of intellect, of sensibility. So I don't *want* a radical temperament . . . . The problem is 'solved,' I no longer feel paralyzed and guilty, I no longer feel bad about myself-and-the-world."

Yet, with full respect for Green's anguish, audacity, and industry, I don't think he has proved that the radical temperament requires "the diminishment of imagination, of intellect, of sensibility"; whatever has allayed his anxiety, it is not evident in his book. His critique of Noam Chomsky's attempt to fuse Erasmian with radical virtues is unconvincing, and his distaste for a certain student radical is *ad hominem* and highly selective. He does not take up the complex and illuminating examples of Orwell, Sartre, Trotsky—just to name three who blur his consciousness categories. Indeed, Green shows, in his discussion of Cuban writers, particularly Desnoes, that revolutionary temperament and imagination-intellect-sensibility may fuse, at least in certain circumstances. Those circumstances remain to be specified. Perhaps Green wants to argue that the first decade of a successful revolution (Desnoes's Havana, Mayakovsky's Leningrad) is a time for the making of that synthesis, only to be undone by the subsequent Calvinist consolidation. He misses the chance to make that argument and instead reverts to the Erasmian *prejudice*. This is a pity, for Green has written a winning and provocative book—a winning, maddening, brilliant, verbose, diverting, self-distracting, honest, rich, turgid, narcissistic, complex, and utterly charming book. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

HOMAGE TO DANIEL SHAYS: Collected Essays 1952–1972. By Gore Vidal. 449 pages. Random House. $8.95.

The forty-four essays in this collection are billed 1952 to 1972, but the majority—and the best—of them were written in the Sixties, when the foundations of what Vidal calls the American Empire were shaking with more drama and technicolor than ever before. Vidal is what used to be called "too clever by half," and though that fact has given his public personality something of a Peck's Bad Boy image, it has been the making of him as an essayist. Unlike fellow writers who respond to their exclusion from the centers of power with all-over-the-page outbursts, Vidal has opted for the patrician: his essays are cool, elegant, witty, with a liberal sprinkling of Beerbohm and a merciful dash of downright cattiness. Predictably, he is at his best when dissecting those he considers buffoons: Walter Annenberg ("the most brilliant clown since the late Bert Lahr"), Martha and John Mitchell ("the Allen and Burns of the Nixon Network"), Dr. Reuben ("a moderately swinging rabbi"). The book contains his famous attack on the Kennedys ("The Holy Family"), a nice piece on Eleanor Roosevelt, and thoughts on literature both high (Meredith) and popular (superb essays on the Tarzan series and the children's books of E. Nesbit). He has things to say about women's liberation, pornography, political corruption, and the tax laws ("putting the nation in permanent hock to that economic military complex President Eisenhower so movingly warned us against after a lifetime of loyal service to it"). In short, this is a collection as varied as it is excellent, a temperature reading of a feverish society. Cleverness in American letters seems to invite the expectation of not being taken seriously, but a good many of Vidal's essays—funny and beautifully written—are, at bottom, very serious indeed and well worth listening to.

THE TIME ELEMENT AND OTHER STORIES. By John O'Hara. 239 pages. Random House. $6.95.

John O'Hara wrote a good many good stories in his long career, but the thirty-four collected here, alas, are not among them. Written in the 1940s (eighteen have previously appeared in periodicals), they are thin, glancing peeks at familiar O'Hara territory: a chance encounter with a former mistress, behind-the-scenes carping at a funeral, Gibbsville gossip. Even the celebrated O'Hara ear seems tin and banal; offhand references to old automobiles and club names are what pass for social commentary. The impression is one of warm-up exercises best left forgotten.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 64: apt, tap, pat.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1529
It is not enough to be happy; it is necessary, in addition, that others not be.
Renard

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Theater

Frothy Shakespeare; Obsessed O'Neill

BY HENRY HEWES

"Beautiful" is the word for the new Broadway production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, which director A. J. Antoon has fashioned. It begins deceptively with the old-fashioned charm of a TV beer commercial, as we listen to an oom-pah-pah band concert performed in a setting wallpapered with graphics and tintypes of around 1900, and with a few Keystone Kops strolling the aisles. Gimmicky? Perhaps. But when the returning Spanish-American War soldiers parade in with button-bursting pride, we feel a discipline at work, a promise that the actors are going to fulfill their outrageous conceptions with total conviction.

The tone of this production is set and continuously sustained by Douglass Watson, who plays Don Pedro, the middle-aged commander of the visiting military contingent. Watson makes Don Pedro a kind of godfather, who helps his young captains, Claudio and Benedick, to prosperous marriages with the wealthy and beautiful heiresses, Hero and Beatrice. But Watson goes way beyond being just a plot mover. His Don Pedro becomes the quietly tragic example of a man who put off marriage until too late, and the play's most deeply felt moment occurs when, after Beatrice has said she would like to marry someone just like Don Pedro, the older man risks pain and humiliation by proposing to her. Beatrice's embarrassed rejection pushes Don Pedro to a sad awareness of his inevitable alienation from youthful joys, and Watson expresses this awareness so beautifully that it colors the rest of the play.

Similarly, Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes play Benedick and Beatrice as two people desperately in need of love but, because of their unwillingness to admit it, woefully in danger of ending up like Don Pedro. Both performers underplay their roles and give us a charming shyness and a capacity to be fooled that are all the greater because these two have been letting their heads too much rule their hearts. The underlying heart current is exquisitely reinforced by a melodic theme composed by Peter Link. It is heard lightly during the couple's first dance together and later builds in intensity and richness. As a result, this telling of one of drama's most famous romances is the most genuinely moving of the dozen or so I have seen.

There is a great deal else to enjoy. The sight of a cigarillo-smoking Benedick lazily paddling onstage in a canoe, and then hoisting it vertically and hiding behind it, is gloriously amusing. But even better, when he hears the news that Beatrice is in love with him, is the way he starts to fall to his left as the canoe begins to drop to the right. Funnier still is Don John's reaction when he hears that Claudio, his military rival, will marry Hero—Don John pulls an all-out temper tantrum. Absurd? Yes. But the wildly exaggerated action is carried out with such discipline and concentration it challenges disbelief.

Indeed, director Antoon has been remarkably adept at introducing peripheral impulses in such a way that they serve rather than intrude. Beatrice and the girls are caught having an illicit smoke together. Shakespeare's ballad "Sigh No More, Ladies" is turned into a jazzy cakewalk number neatly choreographed by Donald Saddler. The Keystone Kops race at frantic speed through the plot, led by Constable Dogberry. Played with a dry Down East senility by Bernard Hughes, Dogberry arrives, of course, in a backfiring Stanley Steamer.

This production is the first of thirteen specials that the New York Shakespeare Festival will present over a four-year period on the CBS television network, and it will be seen either in late January or early in February. When it is, the whole country will be treated to a truly delicious sample of theater.

A continually increasing amount of the good things coming to Broadway these days is the work of nonprofit theaters. The aforementioned *Much Ado About Nothing*, as well as *That Championship Season* and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was created by the New York Shakespeare Festival. *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope* was originally mounted by the Urban Arts Corps. And now Circle in the Square has inaugurated its new 650-seat Circle in the Square Joseph E. Levine Theater with a distinguished revival of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra.*

The theater is reached by escalator descent through a rather disappointingly colorless lobby. However, once we are inside the new auditorium, we are pleased to find a stretched replica of the Off Broadway Circle in the Square, with a horseshoe of eleven rows of seats surrounding a playing area. At the back of this playing area stands Marsha Eck's setting of the austere and forbidding New England house of Mannon. Although this arrangement is similar to that used in Greek tragedy, the intimacy of the audience-actor relationship forbids a production of large, tragic scope. As it turns out, we lose much sense of the Civil War, from which some of the play's characters are returning. Instead, this version of *Mourning Becomes Electra,* as directed by Theodore Mann, focuses on the inner psychological struggles of the major characters.

Essentially, this production becomes the story of two women, Christine Mannon and her daughter, Lavinia. As played by Colleen Dewhurst, Christine emerges as a woman with the eye of a basilisk, a spine of steel, and a tongue adept at ugly sarcasm. Avoiding the trap of playing her illicit love for Adam Brant so passionately that we feel the loss of him dictates her suicide, Miss Dewhurst makes it clear that her grief stems mainly from the prospect of an ignominious old age with her family.

Lavinia, as portrayed by Pamela Payton-Wright, seems a neurotic and jealous daughter. Her grimness of dress and behavior are a reaction to her mother's escape from family duties to a more joyous existence. Ms. Payton-Wright makes Lavinia dramatically effective as she rises to an obsessed determination to defeat her mother. Then, in the third act, after she has won her vendetta, Lavinia miraculously blossoms; she radiates a joy acquired from a trip to the South Seas and a first experience of love, with a handsome native. The play's somber climax thus becomes a contrastingly unhealthy return to inhibiting family life, prompted this time by a masochistic need for self-punishment. It is a strikingly modern way to present the psychological portion of O'Neill's overreaching attempt to rewrite Aeschylus's *Oresteia.* □

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Ginastera's Piano Concerto Revisited; Mini-"Ring"

BY IRVING KOLODIN

When Alberto Ginastera's Piano Concerto had its premiere at the Second Inter-American Music Festival at Washington's Howard University in 1961, such works as *Don Rodrigo*, *Bomarzo*, and *Beatrix Cenci* were still far in his future. The concerto's latest rehearing in Lincoln Center, with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra and Natalie Hinderas as soloist, left little doubt that these future works of the Argentinean were very much in it.

That is to say, the concerto projects many of the harmonic, rhythmic, and coloristic traits that have contributed to the esteem these operas have enjoyed, here and abroad. Whether this relates at all to the success the concerto enjoyed at its first performance is worthy of consideration. Ginastera strikes me as the kind of composer who would pursue his own way through fair weather or foul. But it is wholly conceivable that the audience, and critical response to the idiom he had evolved, strengthened his confidence in the course he had charted. It might be described to the right of Cape Schoenberg, with a Bartók-Stravinsky heading.

In its early hearings with João Carlos Martins, the brilliant Brazilian to whom Ginastera had entrusted the premiere performance. one was conditioned to an exercise in drive and dynamism. Its latest interpretation, by Skrowaczewski and Miss Hinderas, was not at all lacking in vitality, but it beamed a bright light on the score's magnetism and poetry as well.

In the Scherzo, for example, the crystalline quality Miss Hinderas commands at the keyboard added brightness to the lightness and purity of the scoring. In the finale, which is a kind of *Totentanz* of triumph for tonality after the prior prominence of serialism (in its atonal context), the deftness with which Miss Hinderas inserted her off-beat emphases against the pounding ostinato rhythm in the orchestra added an irresistible swing to the outcome. The *bravos* that followed were honestly earned by the richly gifted performer, who may be the first instrumentalist both black and female to appear with the Philharmonic.

Skrowaczewski's definition of the orchestral part was founded on a sharp rhythmic sense and a clear command of the work's textual complexities. It built on prior interpretations (such as the Leinsdorf-BSO recording) to a totality that put the work on a plane with the concertos of Bartók and Prokofiev. The program began with an excellent performance by the Philharmonic strings of the conductor's own transcription of five pieces by Jean-Philippe Rameau. The arrangement did, however, strike me as a little heavy in double-bass sound for the works of the French classicist. The symphony was the Third of Brahms, rather labored for a score of such broad linear flow.

The first act of *Die Walküre* can be one of Wagner's longest or one of his shortest. This has nothing to do with the number of measures included (it is invariably performed uncut) but everything to do with treatment. In its present revival at the Metropolitan it is definitely on the short side. This is an increment of conductor Erich Leinsdorf's long indoctrination with older conductors who knew the true traditions of Wagner. As a result, he is one conductor who does not have to invent a tradition of his own.

Taken together with his equally knowing, climactic treatment of *Siegfried*, the Metropolitan has a mini-*Ring* that is halfway to the full four-part revival projected for 1974. However, that the complete *Ring* should be vested in a conductor other than Leinsdorf, whether or not he is incoming music director Rafael Kubelik, defies justification. It means, simply, another expensive round of rehearsals for the works just prepared by Leinsdorf, an extravagance this theater can ill afford.

Several new names dotted the cast, but it was the older ones that gave the performance its distinction. Jon Vickers has been the day's premier Siegmund since he first performed the part here in 1961, but he is, if anything, even better now. He sings the music more freely and easily than anyone in decades and certainly presents a more credible physical illusion than his illustrious predecessor, Melchior. When Vickers and Birgit Nilsson, as Brünnhilde, vocally discussed the forthcoming fateful battle with Hunding, the public heard male and female Wagner on the highest musical level. John Macurdy is an excellent Hunding, Theo Adam a Wotan with "ring" in his tones as well as on his mind, and Mignon Dunn that near anomaly, an attractive Fricka.

The awaited debut of Gwyneth Jones as Sieglinde confirmed the Welsh soprano as a performer of admirable appearance and sizable vocal gifts. Unfortunately, the appearance has weathered the storms of indoctrination that beset any career better than have the vocal gifts. The latter have been overexposed to roles heavier than she can safely confront, with the inevitable penalty in spread tones above the staff and husky sound at the bottom. The other newcomers were Doris Hollenbach and Christine Weidinger, among the *Walküren*. As neither wore names or numbers, the audience could be pardoned for not knowing that Hollenbach was Waltraute or that Weidinger was Ortlinde.

The most recent performance at the Metropolitan of Puccini's *La Bohème* was one of those occasions when the romance was not between the couple on stage but between one of them and the audience. This time it was Renata Scotto as Mimi, who expressed her preference for the many rather than the man by advancing to the footlights, arms outstretched, during "*Mi chiamano Mimi.*" This qualified her as a female Gigli, though she does not produce nearly so celestial a sound as the bygone exponent of arms and the man. Henry Lewis indulged her self-indulgence by acting, compliantly, the part of the accompanist Miss Scotto prefers to the conductor Puccini deserves.

Nicolai Gedda, in one of his rare appearances as Rodolfo, stood by in a demonstration of gentlemanly patience his nominal partner did not deserve. At the outset the sound he has been recently using for Bellini was rather pallid and small-scaled for *Bohème*. But he broadened both its volume and its tonal coloration as the evening progressed. The cast was otherwise much the same as the one Lewis conducted at his Met debut some weeks ago. □

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What's happening to the WORLD? An open letter to readers of the Saturday Review.

People have been asking questions about WORLD Magazine—the magazine about ideas and the arts in a world setting.

They want to know whether we have been able to achieve our stated purpose; namely, to finance our magazine primarily not through outside investors but through our readers. We hoped we could find enough readers who would be willing to take a chance on us by subscribing in advance at full-rate and for long-term.

What happened?

We have now published over 12 issues. (We appear every other week.)

We began publication on Independence Day with more than 100,000 paid circulation. More than half of our subscriptions were for three years.

Every one of WORLD's readers has subscribed at full rate.

(So far as we know, this is the first time that any magazine has been launched without a single introductory offer or cut-rate subscription.)

What about the magazine itself?

The central editorial idea behind WORLD is that the biggest change of our time has happened inside the human mind. People think of themselves not just as Americans or Russians or Chinese or Japanese, but as members of a human race now dependent on the same earth life-support system. They have an instinctive sense that their national governments are no longer able to perform their historic function, which is to protect their lives, their values, their property, and even their culture.

And they know, therefore, that new world institutions have to be created to perform these functions.

They know that war in an atomic age is suicidal holocaust. But they also know it is meaningless to decry the horrors of war without dealing with the basic causes of war.

Similarly, people know that no nation by itself can protect the environment.

And they have a sense that the biggest issue of all in the years just ahead is not just the squandering of physical resources but the squandering of human resources.

WORLD Magazine is concerned with such issues.

But WORLD is not solemn. A large part of the magazine is devoted to the enjoyment of living and to the life of the mind. The editors report on important books—whether they are published in New York or London or Rome or New Delhi or Buenos Aires or Manila. They also report on music, art, the motion pictures, drama, travel and photography.

Humor fits easily into the pages of WORLD. Our magazine provides

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Films

1776 and All That Malarky

BY THOMAS MEEHAN

1776 is as much an exploitation film as *Deep Throat* or any of the other hard-core porno movies that are around these days. What it's exploiting isn't voyeuristic lust, however, but perhaps an even baser emotion—patriotism of the cheapest and most sentimental sort. The picture is an insult not only to the intelligence of the American moviegoer but also to the memory of such great men as Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, who are presented to us in *1776* as a trio of bumbling but lovable fools. *1776* is, of course, based on the successful Broadway musical of the same name, and so we get to see Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and the other members of the Second Continental Congress dancing and singing their way into our hearts in a style that might be described as Walt Disney–cutesy. About halfway through *1776*, in fact, it struck me that what I was seeing was really a covert remake of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, with the founding fathers of American democracy as the dwarfs and the Declaration of Independence as Snow White. Irascible, short-tempered John Adams (William Daniels) is Grumpy with a Boston accent, while Benjamin Franklin (Howard Da Silva), coy, silly, and often snoozing, is Happy and Sleepy rolled into one, and tall, pretty-boy-handsome Thomas Jefferson (Ken Howard) is the Prince who awakens Snow White with the touch of his quill pen.

For the film's first two hours, before it turns pious and self-righteously serious in the final twenty minutes, *1776* is, I guess, meant to be a comedy, but the jokes are so thin and in such bad taste that one responds with shock and dismay rather than with laughter. Peter Stone, who adapted the screenplay of *1776* from his own Broadway book, is willing to stoop to just about anything in an attempt to get laughs—bathroom jokes and smirking *double-entendres* on the level of off-color humor in the *Reader's Digest*. Stone gets a great deal of mileage, too, out of having Franklin, Adams, and the others use cuss words—that is, it's supposed to be funny when one of them shouts "Oh, hell" or "Goddamnit." And it's also supposed to show how human and just-like-us the founding fathers were. What Stone succeeds in doing, however, is to demean the men who met in Philadelphia in 1776 to draft the Declaration of Independence and to trivialize their courage and intelligence. I can't stand historical pageants about the American Revolution in which the founding fathers are treated as if they'd been plaster saints who spoke in nothing but phrases out of the Federalist Papers, but *1776* errs egregiously in the other direction by depicting them as men with the stature and intellectual depth of, say, Popeye or Pinocchio.

The film is embarrassing, too, especially in a sequence in which we see Jefferson, who has been assigned by the Congress to write the Declaration of Independence, alone in his room and suffering from a bad case of writer's block. Why? Because, we're told, he hasn't seen his wife, Martha, for nearly six months and so is too sexually frustrated to be able to concentrate on writing elegant revolutionary prose. He moons about the room, playing the violin and making false starts on the Declaration — crumpled pieces of paper all over the floor, that sort of thing. But then clever, wonderful Happy/Sleepy Benjamin Franklin sends to Virginia for Martha (Blythe Danner). She bursts into the upstairs room and flies into Jefferson's arms. Fade out, while the Jeffersons leap into bed together, and then fade in again to discover Martha tripping glowingly down into a garden where Franklin and Adams have been waiting to find out how things have been going upstairs. Now, believe it or not, Martha sings a song to Franklin and Adams about her husband's fiddle, and we all get the point that the fiddle she's so pleased with isn't her husband's violin. Meanwhile, as Martha waltzes in the garden with Adams, Jefferson finally gets down to some serious writing—"When in the Course of human Events," etc. And that, kiddies, according to *1776*, which ought to be awarded a special Oscar for bad taste, is how the Declaration of Independence got written.

A few years ago, when *1776* was about to open on Broadway, I remember thinking that it was bound to flop. A musical about the signing of the Declaration of Independence? It sounded like one of those campy, show-biz jokes about plans to make a musical out of the Dead Sea Scrolls or *The New York Times Cookbook*. So, when *1776* turned out to be a smash hit, I couldn't have been more surprised. Or puzzled. Why, I wondered, would anyone want to sit through such a musical? It got the sort of rave reviews, moreover—"charming," "heart-warming," "uplifting"—that led me strongly to suspect that it wasn't my cup of tea, and so I never did see *1776* on Broadway. Now, however, having seen the movie, I think that I at last understand why *1776* was such a hit on the stage and why, too, the film is currently packing them in all over the country. And the reason for its success, I'm convinced, is the Vietnam War and every American's feelings (conscious or unconscious) of guilt about our involvement in it. Reality, in the form of something like the Mylai incident or the saturation bombing of North Vietnam, suggests to us that the United States has become villainous, while fantasy, in the form of something like *1776*, tells us that the country is really O.K. after all—that we're still the Good Guys of the American Revolution. And since there are clearly tens of millions of Americans who are yearning to believe in the essential goodness of the country in the face of some rather weighty evidence to the contrary, a film like *1776*, with its sugar-coated, Disneyesque version of American history, is certain to be enormously popular. Particularly with children of all ages. □

Ken Howard as Thomas Jefferson and Blythe Danner as his wife in 1776: *So that's how the Declaration of Independence got written!*

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A New Cuisine in...London?

BY DALE HARRIS

Seasoned travelers will doubtless be astonished to hear that eating out in London is nowadays one of the city's major pleasures. Gastronomic enjoyment is no longer viewed simply as a sign of moral weakness, and fine food, like central heating, does turn up all over.

British austerity, with its origins in World War II, lingered well into the 1960s. But today London is being rebuilt. A new city—less companionable, less domestic, and less bound up in hereditary privilege—is coming into existence. Eating out is an important feature of the new order.

While there no longer is any doubt that you can eat well in London, there is also no doubt that you must arm yourself with knowledge to do it. To walk into just any restaurant is to risk a meal that is tasteless, carelessly prepared, unappetizingly served, and, more often than not, extremely expensive. The best course of action is to consult a guide—whether for a de luxe luncheon, a simple pretheater snack, an American-style hamburger, an Indian meal, or an English roast-beef dinner. None of these—least of all the native meal—ought to be attempted without your first making a simple preliminary survey. Although no recommendation is infallible, in London almost anything is better than flying blind.

There are currently several helpful guides available at bookstores and newsstands throughout London. Among the most useful is *Nicholson's London Guide*. This tiny volume contains an excellent list of eating places, arranged by category—Vegetarian, Inexpensive Eating, Afternoon Teas—and includes brief, accurate descriptions. The much bulkier *Good Food Guide*, which covers the entire United Kingdom, is more stringent and analytical, covering at length nearly 150 outstanding places in London. Although these two are sufficient, mention might also be made here of the dozen pages devoted to eating in the refreshingly irreverential *Book of London*, published by *Time Out*, a weekly survey of London leisure.

All the foregoing contain essential information: the times of opening and closing (many establishments are closed on Sunday, the very day you most need aid and comfort in Britain), notice that a restaurant is licensed to sell wines and liquor, the estimated cost of meals, restaurant addresses, maps of London, and telephone numbers. It is wise to make reservations. At most places a call made just before setting out will suffice, though tables at very grand establishments need to be booked a few days in advance.

Grand as some places are, the atmosphere is seldom intimidating. At even the most formal establishments there is a refreshing coziness. Headwaiters tend to be more avuncular than patronizing. As any stranger who has sought help from a passer-by can readily attest, the British love to be of assistance. Few people are ever too busy, too grand, or too frightened to come to your aid. Thomas, the wine steward at the Grill Room of the Connaught, is more than just polite. At a recent dinner he gently suggested what turned out to be a superb Barsac in place of our more expensive first choice.

In places where formal elegance is less important the service is usually equally solicitous. At l'Etoile, an excellent, old French restaurant, the skilled waiters create a very relaxed and reassuring atmosphere. The reason is partly the long British tradition of service: all customers become equal before a properly trained staff. But in addition a new breed of waiter has arisen. The waiters are often young and informal. They might easily be out-of-work actors or simply young persons who like working in pleasant surroundings. Only once in a while, as at the elegant Leith's, does the informality stoop to being amateurish and interfere with diners' enjoyment of the food.

Despite the clumsy service Leith's is a good example of a recent and happy London trend toward first-class, innovative decoration. It is now possible to eat very well in a setting that exemplifies the best in modern British design. Most good Stateside restaurants look hackneyed and dull in contrast to Parkes, Odin's, Carrier's, or the dazzling trio designed by David Hicks, the Garden, the Grange, and le Carrosse. Older British decorative traditions survive in places as different as the Edwardian Connaught, the arty Savoy, or the haphazard White Tower, but tacky renovations are unfortunately catching up fast. At Sheekey's the freshest dark-paneled walls have been stripped and re-covered in wood-grained plastic. Thankfully, the High Victorian splendors of the nearby Salisbury pub have been spared this modern renovation.

Pub food remains an interesting feature of the native cuisine, not the least of its virtues being that you can see precisely what it is you are ordering. For lunch or a snack, pub food is vastly superior to the British sandwich, which looks like a festival of bread to American eyes—and poor bread at that. There is no more convincing sign of the improvement in London dining than the presence of good snack food. The name "Wimpy" is bound to alarm anyone who has tasted what passes for a hamburger there, but the genuine article is offered (along with ice cream, milk shakes, and sundaes) at the Great American Disaster and Hard Rock, both of them American-founded, packed with customers, loud with pop music, and not cheap. There is also a reliable chain called Pizza e Pasta, and a down-to-earth fish bar in the middle of Soho, with the disconcerting name Hamburger Products, which serves smoked salmon, trout, cod roe, eel, mackerel, buckling, halibut, and angel fish.

Cranks, a fine vegetarian and health-food café next to Carnaby Street, is proof that superb breads, cakes, cookies, and pies can be found. And Sharuna, an Indian vegetarian café near the British Museum, is excellent. Good Indian food is not easy to find in the States, but it abounds in London and is usually very cheap. Similarly plentiful is Chinese food, which, moreover, is often available when everything else in London has shut up for the night.

Eating late is no longer quite the problem it used to be, though London still packs up earlier than most visitors would like, particularly at the weekend. Since the theater begins too early to allow anything but a bite beforehand, it is important to know that there are

Dale Harris, a contributing editor of Saturday Review/The Arts, *is a professor of English at Sarah Lawrence College. He was born and brought up in London.*

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now quite a few excellent places open until midnight or after. Right near Covent Garden you can find the Grange and the Garden, and the *Good Food Guide* lists more than forty more throughout the city. Actually, because lunch in Britain is usually taken later than it is in the United States—the most popular hour is one o'clock—it can easily last until after the theater.

Bad restaurants are so either because they use poor ingredients or because they mistreat good ones. In London now, simply by exercising care in the choice of eating places, you can find superb meats cooked superbly: rare beef, rare lamb, succulent pork, snowy veal. You can find game, fish of every kind, wonderful vegetables and fruits: tiny *haricots verts*, baby turnips and carrots, the sweetest tomatoes, *fraises des bois*, luscious raspberries—all with a fragrance and taste matched here in the United States only by growing them at home in our gardens. Although a lot of the food in Britain is very opulent now (mayonnaise and unadorned heavy cream turn up far too often in my opinion), the best is really very direct, very straight.

Despite the French names on many menus you will not often meet with absolutely authentic French dishes anymore. What you get instead is a very British compromise in that local tastes, smells, and textures are combined with Continental ideas to produce something unexpected and wonderfully indigenous.

It seems unlikely that the British have ever eaten so well before or been so true to their own natures.

Some Recommendations:

In a class of its very own, the Connaught, either the Grill Room or the Restaurant (Carlos Place; Tel.: 499-7070); l'Etoile (30 Charlotte Street; 636-7189); the White Tower, where Greek food is transmogrified (Percy Street; 636-8141); Odin's, relaxed and smart, good for Sunday dining (26 Devonshire Street; 935-7296); the Garden and the Grange, both providing excellent eating in the vicinity of Covent Garden, especially after the theater (9 Henrietta Street; 240-0088; and 39 King Street; 240-2939, respectively); Sheekey's, where the fish is marvelous and the atmosphere very informal, convenient to many theaters (St. Martin's Court; 836-4118). To find other interesting places, follow your fancy with *Nicholson's* or the *Good Food Guide* close at hand. □

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(Continued from page 81)

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ACADEMIC REGISTER, 1973 EDITIONS, accepting registration from teachers seeking employment, advancement, relocation in college, junior college, private/public school, nationwide, overseas. Also, collateral employment services. Details: The Education Exchange, Box 392SR, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-WS, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS—Charming, restored 8-room home. 4 fireplaces. Modern kitchen with appliances. Wideboard floors. Red barn. 4 acres on river. $40,000. Available immediately. 413-387-4148 or Box I-729.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons $400 weekly to December 15th; $650 to April 15th. SR Box J-65.

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

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5th AVENUE AND 61st STREET, NYC. At $295,000 (price just reduced) it's a bargain. On the 40th floor of the Pierre Hotel, with sweeping views of the Park and the City.

MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED. Exquisite details throughout; marble floors and baths. Custom stereo system and variable custom lighting throughout.

LARGE LIVING ROOM, dining room or library, corner master bedroom, 2 fully equipped kitchens, powder room, bath. A sauna. Maintenance $1,350 monthly. Brokers protected. SEEING IT IS UNFORGETTABLE.

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ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

WESTHAMPTON BEACH, LONG ISLAND—Prime location. Exquisite oceanfront property—220' on ocean. Thickly landscaped for complete privacy. High dune with beautiful view. $150,000. Jean Carbone, Real Estate Broker, 516-653-4197.

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VILLA IN SPAIN. Overlooking the beach. In a garden. In the $20's. Live on the sunny Costa del Sol in Bahia Dorada—a cluster of beach houses in a lovely landscaped garden that slopes to the sea. Choose from a variety of villa styles, all with the best of modern equipment and built with traditional Spanish craftsmanship. Information about low-cost inspection tours, PANORAMA INTERNATIONAL, 810 18th Street, N.W., Dept. LL8, Washington, D.C. 20006. 202-783-3600.

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CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

PROPERTY WANTED

VIRGINS or P.R.—Lot, farm. Professor wants details. SR Box J-288.

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INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 1060, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 62611.

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PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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CARIBBEAN SEA: Superb offshore reefs, snorkling, other activities. Economical efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

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WINTER TERM 1973. Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. International Environment. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 200 boys and girls. Experienced, qualified U.S./international staff, teacher-pupil ratio 1:10. Solid academic program, advanced placement, PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology; strong Mathematics, Foreign Languages. Curriculum related European tours. Alpine and winter sports. Excellent college admissions record. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854-T Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

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TRAVEL

WHERE WILL YOU BE when "The Lights" go out? You could be viewing the June 30th 7 MINUTE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE from a liner off the African coast. Fly to Morocco, cruise to Madeira, Canary Islands, coast of Mauretania. 9 days, June 24th-July 3rd. N.Y.-N.Y. $570-$1,125. Call 617-536-0980, write: Arnold Tours, 79 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

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GOING ABROAD NEXT SUMMER? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 30 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special projects and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN offers magnificent 1930's Rolls Royce with chauffeur/guide for personalized itinerary (1973) Olde England tour. Coaching Inn/Country House overnight accommodations. Belmont House, Rectory Lane, Guisborough, Yorkshire, England.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2019

DEFINITIONS

A. English poet and playwright: *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* (2 wds.)

B. Supreme excellence

C. Any one of most of our present-day "hippies"

D. March from the coast into the interior as described by Xenophon in his work of the same name

E. Land covered by a public road (3 wds.)

F. Most reliable or complete

G. The last lap

H. Inconvenient

I. Pertinent

J. Shout of praise or adoration

K. Means of egress, especially in an emergency

L. Combining form meaning "Chinese"

M. Generous

N. Irish-born poet, playwright, and novelist: *The Vicar of Wakefield* (2 wds.)

O. Italian dish of baked pasta, meat, cheese, and tomatoes

WORDS

30 1 96 10 111 100 174 234 36 15 127

101 126 78 161 97 224 31 11

146 2 193 108 19 170 79 217

25 112 39 221 86 32 219 119

172 138 223 128 40 12 151 214 33 3

106 175 195 4 208 169 41 187 142 120

215 16 98 42 34 80 26 206 109 20 231

13 5 27 227 35 21 133 239

229 110 176 82 6 43 209

28 22 177 102 7 228 107

83 136 37 152 17 232 157 192 103

140 99 23 194

38 173 225 8 84 207 104 24

211 18 81 188 85 236 29 241 137 9 203

242 105 14 197

59 131 53 178 186 237 141

DEFINITIONS

P. *Where leaves the rose of* ——— (Edward FitzGerald)

Q. Another thing that lives off the fat of the land (2 wds.)

R. Type of hairdo (comp.)

S. Creek flowing from Pennsylvania through northwestern Maryland into the Potomac; Civil War battle fought near here at Sharpsburg.

T. Practical (comp.)

U. Disparaging phrase of approval (3 wds.)

V. Fitting occasion

W. Eastern U.S. coast fish resembling a shad, used for making oil and fertilizer

X. Narrative poem by John Keats

Y. First asteroid to be discovered, being the largest and one of the brightest

Z. Join together

Z¹. Greta Garbo's first "talkie" (2 wds.)

WORDS

66 143 54 44 154 159 75 246 91

144 168 160 117 87 45 179 62 220 92 132

113 182

46 76 130 93 70 148 163 183 63 218

158 47 121 60 71 129 201 212

94 114 58 118 155 164 222 48 149 162 88

166 147 95 196 49 233 135 72 230 89 122

61 180 199

156 55 171 204 165 50 235 115 64 240 145

139 150 123 51 73 191 243 190

189 74 124 185 205 67 181 226

244 198 56 238 210

153 200 134 213 68 65

57 125 184 90 245 167 202 77 116 69 52

216

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 A	2 C	3 E		4 F	5 H		6 I	7 J	8 M		9 N	10 A	11 B		12 E	13 H
14 N		15 A	16 G		17 K	18 N	19 C	20 G	21 H		22 J	23 L		24 M	25 D	26 G	27 H	28 J
	29 N	30 A	31 B	32 D		33 E	34 G		35 H	36 A	37 K	38 M		39 D	40 E	41 F	42 G	43 I
44 P	45 Q	46 R	47 S		48 T	49 U		50 V	51 W	52 Z¹	53 O		54 P	55 V	56 Y	57 Z¹	58 T	59 O
60 S	61 U	62 Q		63 R	64 V	65 Z	66 P		67 X	68 Z		69 Z¹	70 R	71 S		72 U	73 W	74 X
75 P		76 R	77 Z¹	78 B	79 C		80 G	81 N	82 I	83 K	84 M		85 N	86 D	87 Q	88 T		89 U
90 Z¹	91 P		92 Q	93 R		94 T	95 U	96 A	97 B		98 G	99 L	100 A	101 B	102 J	103 K		104 M
105 N	106 F	107 J	108 C	109 G	110 I	111 A	112 D	113 Q	114 T	115 V		116 Z¹	117 Q	118 T	119 D	120 F	121 S	
122 U	123 W	124 X		125 Z¹	126 B	127 A	128 E	129 S	130 R	131 O	132 Q	133 H		134 Z	135 U	136 K	137 N	138 E
139 W	140 L		141 O	142 F	143 P	144 Q	145 V	146 C	147 U	148 R	149 T	150 W		151 E	152 K	153 Z	154 P	
155 T	156 V	157 K	158 S	159 P	160 Q		161 B	162 T		163 R	164 T	165 V		166 U	167 Z¹	168 Q	169 F	170 C
	171 V	172 E	173 M	174 A	175 F	176 I	177 J		178 O	179 Q	180 U		181 X	182 Q		183 R	184 Z¹	185 X
	186 O	187 F	188 N	189 X	190 W		191 W	192 K	193 C		194 L	195 F		196 U	197 N	198 Y		199 U
200 Z	201 S	202 Z¹		203 N	204 V	205 X	206 G	207 M	208 F	209 I		210 Y	211 N	212 S	213 Z	214 E	215 G	216 Z¹
217 C	218 R		219 D	220 Q		221 D	222 T	223 E	224 B	225 M	226 X	227 H	228 J	229 I		230 U	231 G	232 K
	233 U	234 A	235 V	236 N	237 O	238 Y	239 H		240 V	241 N		242 N	243 W	244 Y	245 Z¹	246 P		

Solution of this week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 68 of this issue.

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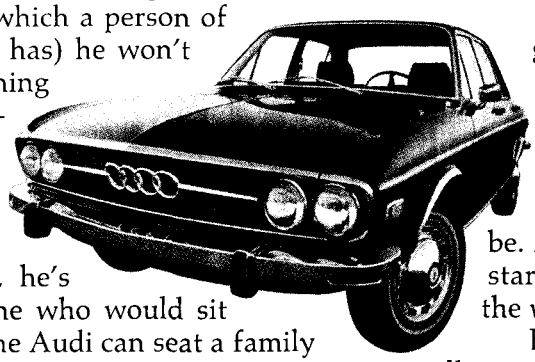
You get just about the same headroom and legroom in an Audi as you do in a $25,215 Rolls-Royce.

The Audi 100LS isn't a very big car. On the outside.

But don't let that fool you about the size of the car on the inside.

You'll find there's more headroom than you'd ever expect. Enough for, say, a person 6'6". And if he's got unusually long legs (which a person of his size usually has) he won't have to sit clutching his knees. Because there's more legroom than you'd ever expect.



Mind you, he's not the only one who would sit comfortably. The Audi can seat a family of five rather nicely.

Now the $25,215* Rolls-Royce isn't the only great car the Audi has a lot in common with.

The Audi has rack-and-pinion steering like the racing Ferrari. And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

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Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

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But what makes the Audi especially impressive is its price tag.

It's a lot less than you'd expect to pay for that many great cars.

The $3,960† Audi®
It's a lot of cars for the money.

†Suggested retail price $3,955 East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). *Manufacturer's suggested retail price as of Oct. 1972. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

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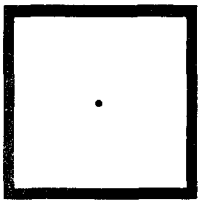
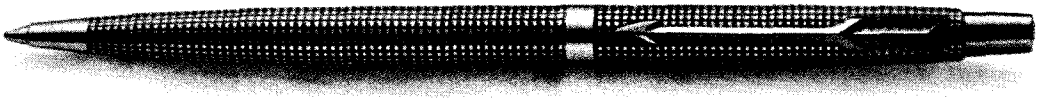
Ball point shown actual size.



It takes three weeks just to make the point.



Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

We don't consider it a plus that it takes us so long. Really, we'd like to cut the time down. But how well a ball pen writes depends on the ball itself.

It took us five years to come up with the ball we wanted. We knew it had to be extremely hard. The answer, and we were first to find it, was tungsten carbide. But the major problem was the exquisite roundness we required, coupled with the need for a microscopically-textured surface so the ball would not slip or skip, but would grip the paper readily, on the lightest contact.

Much of how we accomplished this is, frankly, a secret. To this day, less than a dozen of our own people know exactly how we do it. We can tell you this. When we fit this ball precisely to a stainless steel socket, we achieve a "working end" which is superbly resistant to corrosion and wear.

This entire point assembly, when snugged into the nose of a sterling silver case, becomes the Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

You'll find it inscribes a clean, crisp track. Almost without effort. And you'll find that this sleek, sterling silver column has an almost ideal heft and balance, through hours of comfortable writing.

There is so much ink in this pen and it is fed to the tip so efficiently, the Parker 75 Classic writes better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

Naturally this pen bears a written guarantee. If it fails to perform due to defects in materials or workmanship during its owner's lifetime, we will repair or replace it—free.

The Parker 75 Classic. It is an uncommon gift. Its cost, monogrammed, is $12. Someone you're fond of deserves it.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen in solid sterling silver is $12. Also available in vermeil, $25; 22K gold electroplate, $8.50; brushed stainless steel, $5. Matching pencils. You'll find the famous arrow clip on every Parker, from the $1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the $150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

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